

Film Fun

Price 15 Cents

AUGUST

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**NOTICE TO
READER.**

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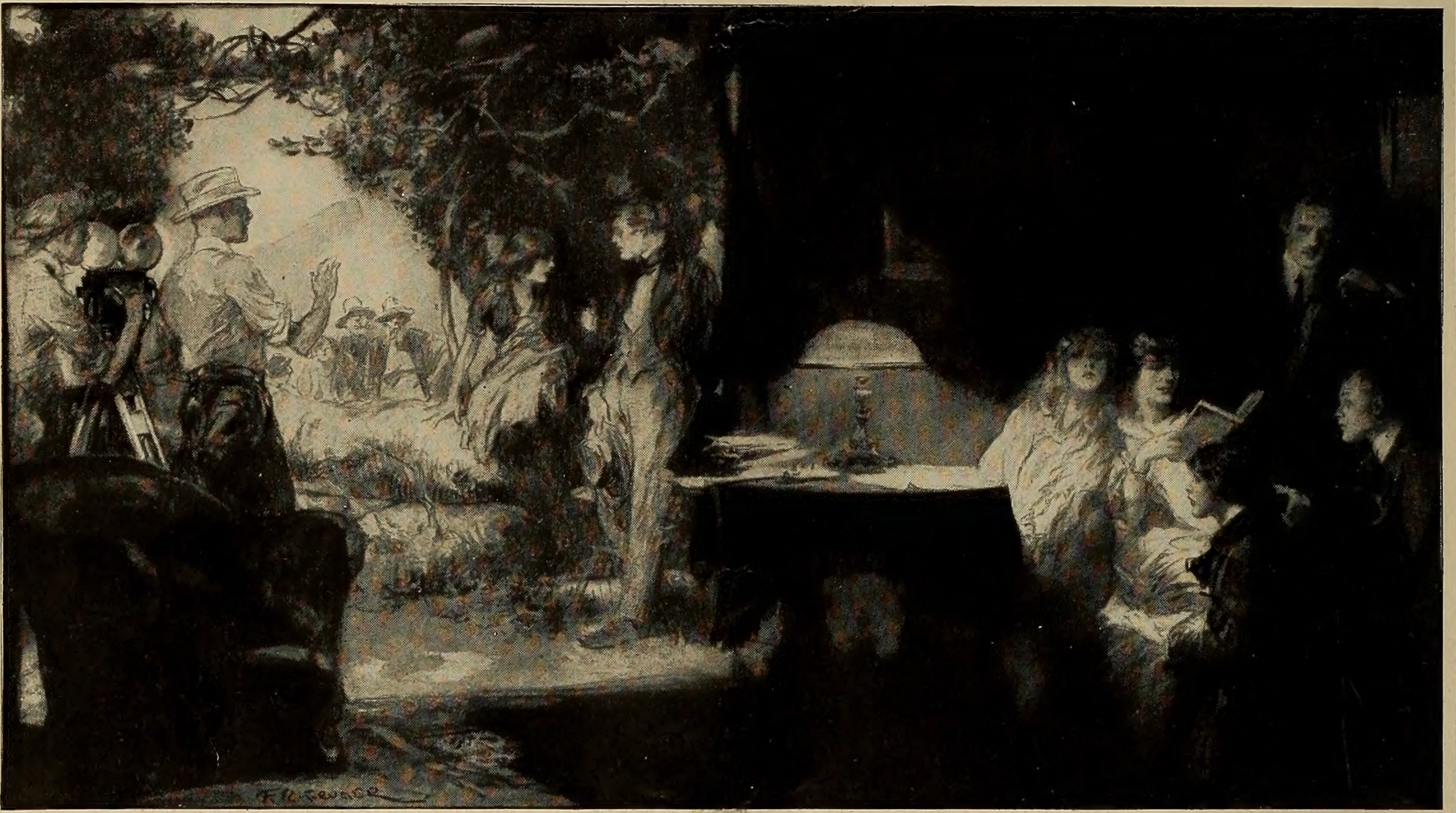
**NO WRAPPING
—NO ADDRESS.**

"SUNNYSIDE"

Latest and Greatest of
Chaplin Comedies—Page 7



DISCHARGED!



"ONCE UPON A TIME—"

ILLUSTRATION BY F. R. GRUGER



HE children's hour—filmed! There is hardly any pleasure so keen as taking children to the motion picture theatre.

Heavens above, how they *do* enjoy themselves.

Mother used to set aside a regular children's hour, and read or tell stories.

But now, they go to one of the better theatres where Paramount-Artcraft Pictures are playing.

To tell the truth, Mother vastly prefers this to the old children's hour.

Because *she* enjoys it, too. Doubly, in fact,—the children's enjoyment and her own as well.

The public has sensed the fact that Famous Players-Lasky Corporation can be depended on to keep *Paramount-Artcraft* Pictures just what all parents would like them to be—both for themselves and for the youngsters.

Which is just another of the underlying reasons why ten thousand communities are *for* them.

Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

These two trade-marks are the sure way of identifying *Paramount-Artcraft* Pictures—and the theatres that show them



FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR Pres. JESSE L. LASKY Vice Pres. CECIL B. DE MILLE Director General
NEW YORK



Paramount-Artcraft Stars' Latest Productions

Listed alphabetically, released up to June 30th. Save the List! And see the Pictures!

Paramount

John Barrymore in	"THE TEST OF HONOR"
*Enid Bennett in	"THE HAUNTED BEDROOM"
Billie Burke in	"GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELLE"
Marguerite Clark in	"GIRLS"
Ethel Clayton in	"MEN, WOMEN AND MONEY"
*Dorothy Dalton in	"OTHER MEN'S WIVES"
Dorothy Gish in	"I'LL GET HIM YET"
Lila Lee in	"A DAUGHTER OF THE WOLF"
"Oh! You Women"	

A John Emerson-Anita Loos Production	
Vivian Martin in	"AN INNOCENT ADVENTURE"
Shirley Mason in	"THE FINAL CLOSE-UP"
*Charles Ray in	"HAY FOOT, STRAW FOOT"
Wallace Reid in	"YOU'RE FIRED"
Bryant Washburn in	"PUTTING IT OVER"

Paramount-Artcraft Specials

"Little Women"	(From Louisa M. Alcott's famous book)
A William A. Brady Production	
Maurice Tourneur's Production	"SPORTING LIFE"
"The Silver King"	starring William Faversham
"False Faces"	A Thomas H. Ince Production
"The Woman Thou Gavest Me"	
Hugh Ford's Production of Hall Caine's Novel	
Maurice Tourneur's Production	"THE WHITE HEATHER"
"Secret Service"	starring Robert Warwick

Artcraft

Cecil B. de Mille's Production	"FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE"
Douglas Fairbanks in	"THE KNICKERBOCKER BUCKAROO"
Elsie Ferguson in	"THE AVALANCHE"
D. W. Griffith's Production	"TRUE HEART SUSIE"
*Wm. S. Hart in	"SQUARE DEAL SANDERSON"
Mary Pickford in	"CAPTAIN KIDD, JR."
Fred Stone in	"JOHNNY GET YOUR GUN"

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy	"A DESERT HERO"
Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies	
"HEARTS AND FLOWERS"	
"NO MOTHER TO GUIDE HIM"	
Paramount-Flagg Comedy	"THE 'CON' IN ECONOMY"
Paramount-Drew Comedy	"SQUARED"

*Supervision of Thomas H. Ince
Paramount-Bray Pictograph—One each week
Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures—
One each week

And remember that *any* Paramount or Artcraft Picture that you haven't seen is as new as a book you have never read.

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FILM FUN

A MONTHLY REEL OF LAUGHS

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Here, in a cluster of blossoms, is Marion Davies. Nature (or the property man) has parted the branches so as to give Miss Davies the center of the orchard stage. The picture is symbolic of "April Folly," her latest film play.



PARAMOUNT-ARTCRAFT

One look at this photograph of Wanda Hawley and we realize that there must be any quantity of "Wandering" boys among the movie fans of America. Indeed, Film Fun's latest fan letter, frankly confessing unbounded admiration for her, came from one of Uncle Sam's soldiers in Hawaii. Miss Hawley is a Seattle girl, who began with Fox, and is now with Artercraft. Her first picture was "The Derelict." She has appeared with both Douglas Fairbanks and Bill Hart.



BLANCHE SWEET FILM CO

FAIRCHILD PHOTO

The trouble with a girl with eyes like these is that you don't know whether she is going to laugh or cry. On the theory that she is going to laugh, this page of Film Fun is given to Blanche Sweet. She is a Chicago girl, educated in California, so the movie atmosphere of Los Angeles just naturally came up to Berkeley and enveloped her. Her first screen appearance was in Griffith's "Judith of Bethulia." Her latest is in "The Unpardonable Sin," which may, in a measure, account for her expression.



ARTCRAFT

This shows Elsie Ferguson, Famous Player-Lasky star, in the same general attitude which Noah assumed when he released the dove from the Ark. Had Miss Ferguson been on the Ark, the dove would have come back, land or no land. This coincidental pose happens to be from "Eyes of the Soul," probably the most satisfactory of Miss Ferguson's pictures to date. Lest any of our male readers decide to fall in love with her, we add for their guidance that Miss Ferguson already has a perfectly satisfactory husband.

Flash Backs

Some News Nuggets and Critical Quips

SOMEONE asked the other day if Ben Turpin really got cross-eyed trying to look at all the Mack-Sennett girls at once.

Having heard of the difficulties of getting accommodations in New York's hostleries of late, a man from the middle West inquired for a statement of facts from a recent visitor to the metropolis. "Oh, I found a place to sleep all right," the traveler answered pleasantly. "I went to the movies."

Well, no one has ever denied that the purpose of the movie is to make one dream dreams, and if it accomplishes its purpose two ways, so much the better!

To prove that movie magnates have imagination! Two of them met in the Hotel Astor the other day, and one, who had just witnessed Nazimova in her latest offering, was filled with enthusiasm. "Have you seen Nazimova in the 'Red Lantern'?" he asked. "No," answered the other, with a superior air and a yawn. "I don't think these railroad drammers are much good."

A lot of publicity was given the other day to a woman who claims she always keeps her eyes shut during the movies, as she has only to listen to the music to understand the plot. Evidently that woman never went to the theater around the corner from my house, where the pianist thinks that the hero's evening with his wife is a cue for "A Little Bit of Heaven."

What has become of the old-fashioned girl who used to rave about Maurice Costello?

In her newest picture, "A Woman There Was," Theda Bara takes the part of a wild woman of the South Sea Isles, who, strange to say, speaks a Broadway jar-

gon. But it was the wild women of Broadway,—was it not?—who started the jargon, and perhaps all wild women speak a universal language.

Until we saw the picture called "The Girl of Hell's Agony," we wondered what "Hell's Agony" might be. After seeing the picture, we used our own interpretation.

Someone's been trying to get Agnes Ayre's goat, she says. No, not the one you think! It's the one she keeps in her Flatbush backyard—the one sent to her from the family farm in Pennsylvania when it was a kid.

Can you remember back as far as the times when you used to sneak to a moving picture with the great fear that someone would see you? When "the best people" scorned the movies and refused to patronize them? Well, times haven't changed so much, have they?

Someone watched Doug Fairbanks pivot on one ear, turn a half dozen back flops and land on his little finger. "Just think," said the person; "he gets a million dollars a year for just doing that!" "Yes," said her friend; "but think of the girl who gets a thousand a week for playing opposite Wallace Reid!"

There are three stages of drama—the drama, the melo-drama and the mellowest drama. It is the mellowest drama that you all like. That is the one that contains the mortgage on the old home and baby's bootie. And at least once in every reel the heroine is to be seen gazing into the moonlight from her bedroom window. Oh, boy! that's the kind of picture you want to write!

Have you ever noticed that when a motion picture actress goes on the legitimate stage, she soon returns to the movies?



PARAMOUNT

There's nothing better than a true sense of proportion. Bryant Washburn had it when he brought the big idea to his "Boss." Did it ever occur to you?

"Upside Down" Is Rightside Up at Last



1. Juliet wearies of domestic monotony and wants "grounds" for a divorce.



2. Obliging her, Pim butts into the Tammers' dinner party, playing the gay dog.



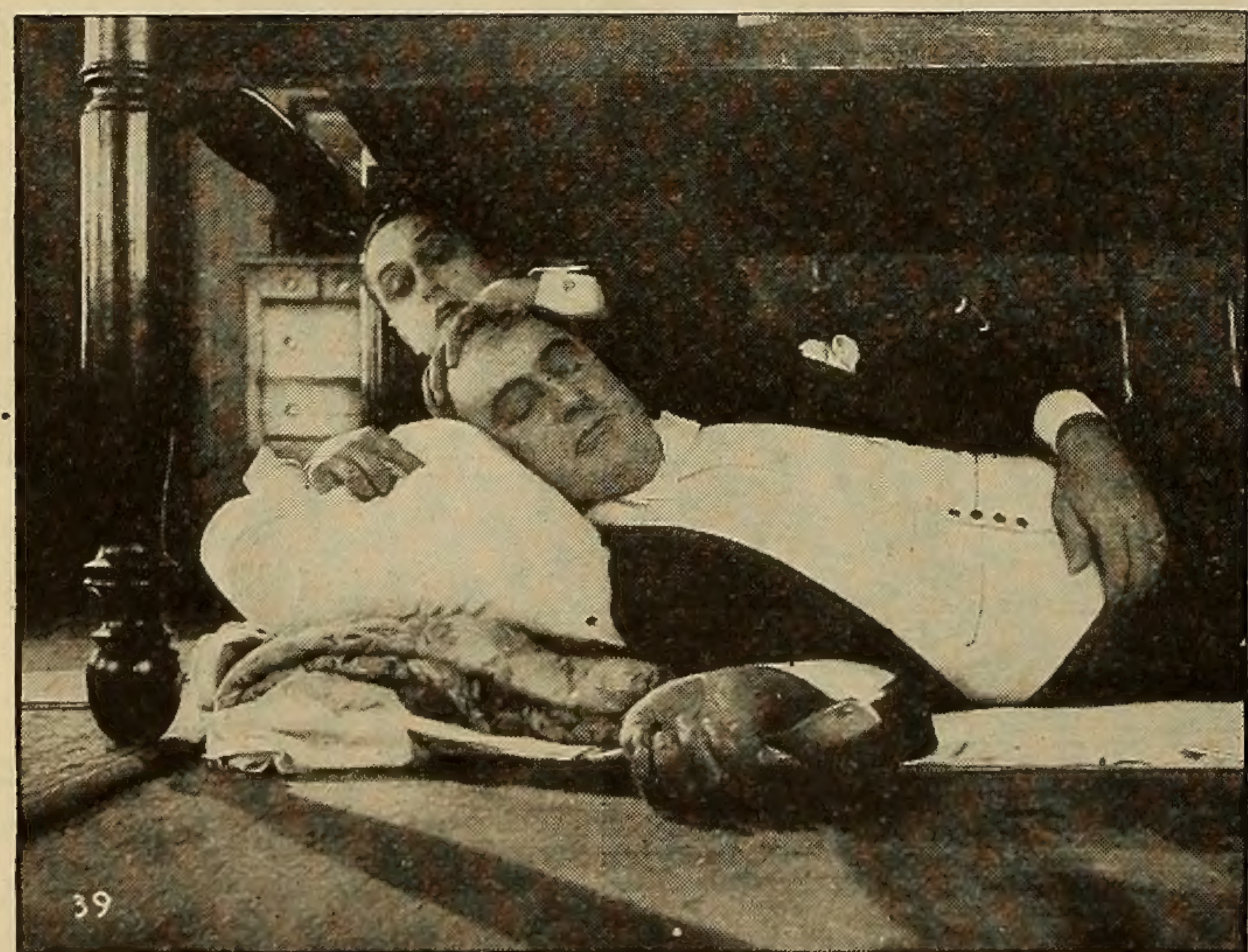
3. Still further obliging her, he endeavors to arrange an elopement with Mrs. Tammers.

In Compressed Form

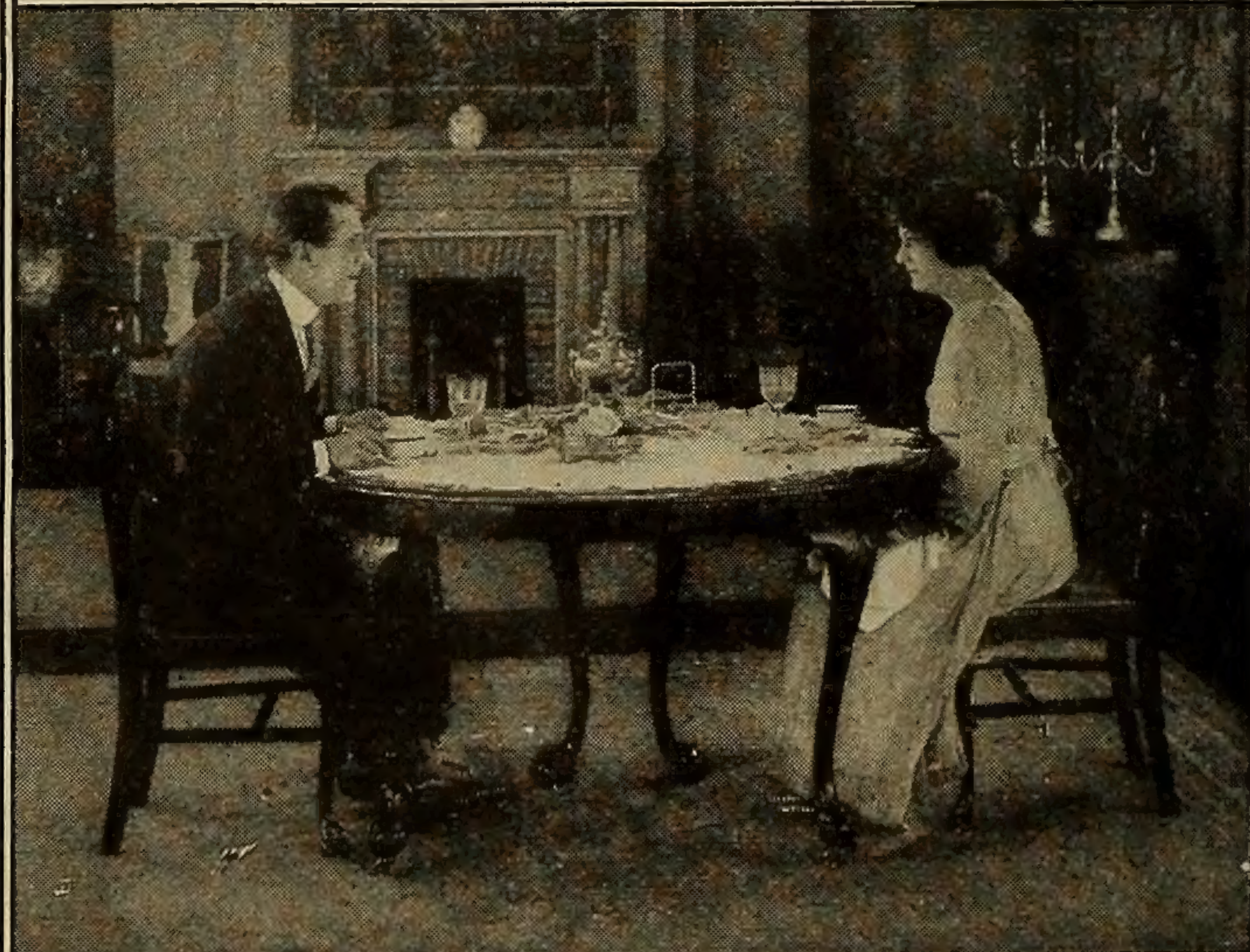
Archibald Pim (Taylor Holmes) loves his wife dearly, but Juliet resents his slavery to habit which makes him take for granted her content. She begs the horror-stricken husband to release her, to seek a "reason" for her divorce. Pim does. He attempts to elope with Mrs. Tammers, wife of a wealthy acquaintance. That failing, he joins an all-night party Tammers is giving some chorus girls — all excellent "reasons." By keeping the drunken Tammers asleep all next day, Pim manipulates the stock market to gain control of most of the sleeper's wealth. When Tammers wakes up, he consents to sell him back some of his own stock, at which point Juliet arrives in search of Pim, convinced that she loves her husband.



4. Not precisely succeeding, he sits in at Tammers' all-night chorus girl riot.

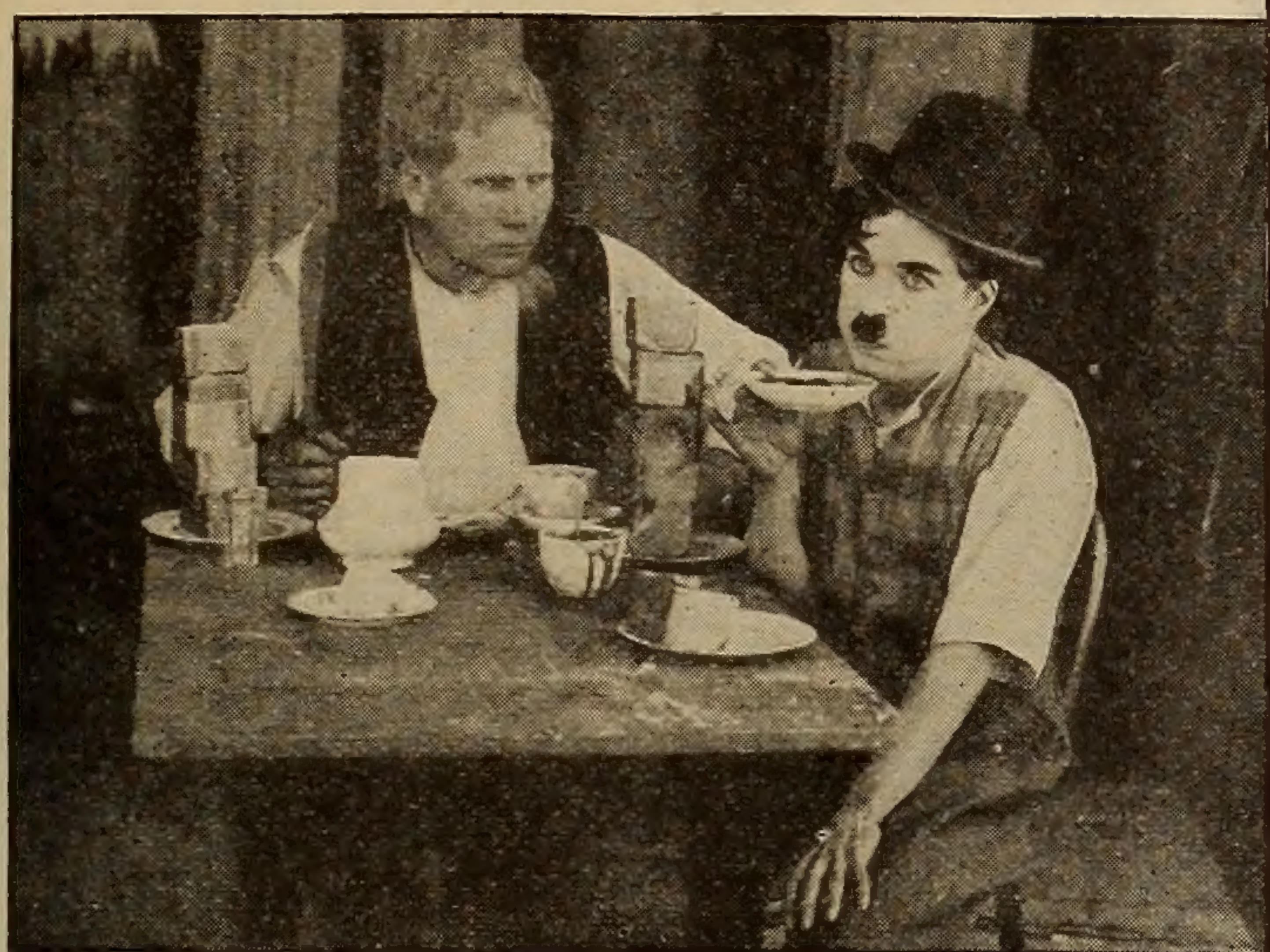


5. Keeping the millionaire Tammers asleep while he manipulates the stock market all next day is a considerable job, but Pim does it. There's money in it.



6. The end is much like the beginning, except that Pim's wife now prizes what was formerly scorned, and Pim is wiser as to woman's whims.

"Sunnyside," the Latest Chaplin Laugh Potion



1. Charlie and his employer, who would rather kick his faithful drudge than go to church.

A Compressed Version

Charlie is drudge in a country hotel, working from 4 a. m. till midnight. The one bright spot in his life is *Edna*, daughter of a neighboring farmer. One evening, when out after the cows, *Charlie* is bumped into a ditch by an unruly Bossy, and for a few blissful moments he dreams that he has been rescued by wood nymphs. Back to consciousness and slavery, his next adventure is with the victim of an auto accident in the village street. The mishap is not serious, and the handsome stranger fills *Charlie's* cup of misery to the brim by flirting with *Edna*, who, flattered, forgets the poor hotel drudge in her liking for the city chap. *Charlie* tries to rival the latter in dress, and failing dismally in this, is about to throw himself under a ruthless auto—when he wakes up. It is 4 a. m.

2. Charlie and the wood nymphs; his dream after a cow jars him into happy unconsciousness.



3. *Edna*, love for whom fills *Charlie's* waking hours—he has twenty every day.



4. Charlie sympathetically tends to the city chap, hurt in the auto smash.



5. There is no sympathy in *Charlie's* eye now, only hatred and despair. The city chap has been winning *Edna*. Sheriff at left.



6. AND 'T WAS BUT A DREAM.

FIRST NATIONAL

Comments and Criticisms of a Free-Lance

By LINDA A. GRIFFITH

(Mrs. David W. Griffith)

MME. NAZIMOVA, in "The Red Lantern," proved quite a disappointment to her many admirers. After scoring so heavily in that beautiful photoplay, "Out of the Fog," it was logical to conclude that her subsequent efforts would at least equal, if not surpass, her former clever achievement. But such was not the case. Mme. Nazimova, who plays two parts in this picture—that of *Mahlee*, the Eurasian, and her white half-sister, *Blanche*—brings no spark of genius to either characterization. Something is wrong, and that something is the story. The story is cheap, vulgar, banal trash. Even an artist of Nazimova's acknowledged ability could do nothing to save it. She couldn't even save herself from being deadly dull. There were some beautiful flashes of Chinese street scenes with interesting Chinese characters, excellently well done, but they did not blend into the picture. They were so out of "key" as to seem like "scenics," such as "Street scenes in Canton—or Shanghai," interspersed throughout the picture. "The Red Lantern" doesn't fail of one thing, and that is to show what a very simple matter it is to start a Boxer rebellion in China. According to this movie, it is far easier than to get aboard a subway car in New York City during rush hours. The scenes where Mme. Nazimova, as Princess of the Red Lantern, garbed in more than semi-nudity, encounters the half-white, half-Chinese who so passionately desires her might easily be eliminated, for they are nothing less than bald and downright disgusting. On the whole, "The Red Lantern" is lurid melodrama, and no attempt is made to disguise the fact. This is one motion picture that proves that a star cannot be greater than the story and that she cannot even be clever without a vehicle. Nazimova, in "The Red Lantern," falls far below the artistic heights she reached in "Out of the Fog." But no one would say it is her fault.

"Broken Blossoms" Strikes a High Note

From the ridiculous to the sublime is the long road traveled from "The Red Lantern" to "Broken Blossoms," Mr. Griffith's latest offering. As "Broken Blossoms," like "The Red Lantern," has a strongly flavored Chinese atmosphere, it is not so much amiss to speak of them relatively, but any discussion pro and con of artistic values



LINDA A. GRIFFITH

Editor's Note.—The writer, who began her career with the Biograph Company, is well known in the moving picture world. Her latest success was as star in her own striking sociological play "Charity." She is a keen critic and analyst of all that pertains to motion picture art, and tells the truth about those who are either striving for its downfall or working for its advancement.

would leave the scale so unevenly balanced as to entirely preclude debate. "Broken Blossoms" is a simple, exquisite tragedy, with not a false or theatrical note throughout its eight reels. It is told in a series of beautiful etchings which record the quite perfect acting of the different characters. 'Tis being said that the drama has taken on a new lease of life and that good, old-fashioned acting, such as Booth and Mansfield and Jefferson contributed in a bygone day, is to be revived. It is being revived with the splendid work of the brothers Barrymore in "The Jest." When magnificent productions such as "The Jest" come to refresh starved souls hungry for fine dramatic fare, the thought arises, "Why cannot there be motion pictures of similar classic mold?" and one sighs regretfully and admits that the stage and the movies will always remain a long ways apart. And just as one becomes reconciled, along comes "Broken Blossoms" and upsets all convictions and theories. This magnificent screen tragedy is something so out of the ordinary, it is so different from the general run of photoplays, as to seem not a motion picture at all, but something new that had never been seen before. And the writer can offer no higher tribute than to say that "Broken Blossoms" is "The Jest" of the screen.

Mary Pickford's Hit

Mary Pickford, as *Judy Abbot* in "Daddy Long Legs," comes once again on the screen to gladden the hearts of her numberless followers. Under the capable direction of Marshall Neilan and with a clever supporting cast, Miss Pickford's latest offering becomes a most happy and entertaining motion picture. How far the picture follows Miss Webster's popular book, the writer cannot say, not having read it. That matters little in this instance. "Daddy Long Legs," with Miss Pickford as *Judy*, is a sweet, wholesome, cheerful and mighty interesting photoplay. The contented, pleased expression of the multitudes that filled the theater to overflowing gave evidence of universal approval. Clean, happy pictures like "Daddy Long Legs" are almost a necessity in these Bolshevik days. Let there be more of them!

A Bad Rule Broken

That the motion picture is progressing, not only along

artistic lines but in the manner of presentment, is shown by the announcement of a new policy to be inaugurated in two of New York City's finest motion picture theaters—the Rialto and the Rivoli. These have just recently changed hands, and the new management announces that the ironclad rule that a motion picture be shown for a week, no matter whether it be the "worst ever" or have the greatest merit, is to rule no more. A photoplay will hereafter be retained as long as there is a demand to see same. It seems odd that so long a time has been necessary to bring about this most needed change. Especially in New York will the new arrangement be a great blessing. Here it often happens that, with all the attractions a week may offer, a picture one earnestly desires to see, like Chaplin's "Shoulder Arms," runs its little week and disappears to parts unknown before one has had a chance to see it. It is quite like trying to find a needle in a haystack to locate a picture once it takes its departure after the first run. The movies are surely coming more and more into line with the theater. If a play is bad, it lasts a few days or weeks and then is withdrawn; if it makes good, it stays until everyone who wishes to has a chance to see it. Why should not the same rule obtain with a stupid, inferior motion picture as with the stupid play, and, vice versa, the good?

Norma Talmadge's Moonshine

"The New Moon," a recent offering with that versatile star, Norma Talmadge, is a wearisome motion picture. It is sufficiently boresome to make one desire complete emancipation from the movies. After seeing a picture like "The New Moon," say I to myself, "Never again! I'm through with the movies! Life is too short to voluntarily inflict upon oneself hours of torture." Why a silly little paper moon hung on a studio drop (or painted there rather) representing a night sky? This is an age of

advancement even in the movies! And when the "moon" in "The New Moon" is so tremendously featured and plays such a psychological part in the picture, why could there not be beautiful night scenes of a real moon—or, if done in the studio, why no attempt to disguise the fact? "The New Moon" shows one scene that, whether meant for comedy or tragedy, is so revolting to any sensitive person, it should be eliminated. It must have been a rather coarse mind to think up such and want to show it. That is the scene where the women are registering their names following the edict proclaiming the nationalization of women in Russia. A poor old woman of sixty years or more, seeing a number of women gathered about the registering booth, comes to put her name down also. If this is meant for subtlety, let it be a little more subtle and cut it out entirely. It is, to say the least, extremely bad taste.

Not as Advertised

Perhaps, as advertised, Sholom Aleicham may be "The Jewish Mark Twain," but no one would ever want to be guilty of saying so after seeing "Khavah," the first offering of the Zion Films, Inc. A fresh note, something new in thought and feeling, could excusably have been anticipated from this new concern. With all the wealth of Jew-

ish literature to choose from, and the acknowledged high place held by the Jew as an artist, why this "Khavah"? It tells the old, old story of intermarriage, and caustic remarks are passed from Jew to Christian. Certainly *Khavah's* love for *Fedka*, the Christian elder of the village, was of gossamer strength. All it took to undo it was to see her husband dance at their wedding. This causes the righteous *Khavah* to say to herself (sub-title), "My mother never gave herself to such hilarity," and "*Khavah*" straightaway becomes so disgusted with the "hilarity" as to sneak back to her Jewish parents, who, in true, unforgiving Jewish style, will have none of her. She is a lost soul! Away with her! Another custom of the Christians which was quite revolting to *Khavah's* sensitive Jewish soul was to see her Christian mother-in-law wash

clothes in the brook! Filthy custom that!

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"No one can take the place of one's mother, and least of all, my own," says Madge Kennedy, the Goldwyn star. The scene is a daily one when she rests in the garden of her California home at the end of a day's work before the camera.



Houdini, whose stage specialty is breaking out of things, with equally conspicuous success, broke into the movies, and has no wish to break out. He can wriggle free of handcuffs, steamer trunks and packing cases, but here is a chain that defies him. Seemingly he is suffering no pangs of humiliation.

Reviews of Motion Pictures

As the "Extras" in the Cast Think They Should Be Written

By Frank H. Williams

THREE SCREAMS AT MIDNIGHT—This picture is lifted into the superlatively good class by the distinguished acting of Phineas McSwat, the veteran screen player, who appears in a flash in the second reel as a butler. Outside of Mr. McSwat's work the picture is very bad.

WOW!—This farce comedy is made hilariously funny by the manner in which Muriel Pippin receives a custard pie full in the face in the second reel. Miss Pippin shows class, a fine sense of refined humor, and gives promise of a wonderful screen career by her work in this little scene, which, short as it is, makes the comedy thoroughly worth while. Let 'em hit you with more custard pies, Muriel! You're great!

THE BOILERMAKER'S ADOPTED DAUGHTER—We must confess to a keen sense of disappointment in this picture. Of course the work of the star, Fairchild Douglas,

is good, as usual, and the settings are splendid and all that, and the story is unusual and entertaining; but still we must say that we were sadly disappointed in this production. All through it we keep looking for someone, and looking in vain. We wanted to see Lochinvar O'Sweeney—the one and only O'Sweeney, who never fails to give life and animation to a mob scene. Where was O'Sweeney in the two mob scenes in "The Boilermaker's Daughter"? He wasn't there, and because he was missing, the whole picture was a disappointment to us.

THE FIFTH MURDER—Thank heavens, here is a picture that has been cast with intelligence. Certainly the casting director should be praised for giving the sort of a cast to this picture that the strength of the story deserved. We refer particularly to the casting director's wisdom in

(Continued on page 36)

"Putting It Over" Mingles Work With Play



1. There is nothing shy about Robert in business hours at the store.

2. At the clerks' ball, one of his jokes is about to make Mary faint.



3. Over her fright, Mary listens to Robert's tale of his own importance in the business world.

The Story in Brief

Robert Marsh (Bryant Washburn) comes to New York with nothing but his nerve and a weakness for practical joking. He gets a job as a soda-fountain clerk and boards at the house of Mrs. Peeler, whose daughter he escorts to the drug clerks' ball. There he meets Mary (Shirley Mason) and falls in love with her, cutting Miss Peeler cold. He tells her he is making \$50 a week, which is 40 more than the real figures. Mrs. Peeler turns him out for non-payment of room rent, and his employer is about to let him go because of slack trade, when a brilliant business idea hits Robert, which brings so much money to the store that his employer is glad to make the bluff salary a fact. And we might add that Miss Mary becomes Mrs. Robert straightway.



4. Later, Robert listens to his landlady's final ultimatum, pay or get out.



PARAMOUNT

5. Robert, investing his last shekels in a luncheon for Mary, conceives the big idea which makes his fortune at the store.

6. Something cute in conclusion. Reprimanded by the cop for spooning in the park, Robert calls attention to Mary's wedding ring.

Headliners on Fashion's Program



GOLDWYN

Madge Kennedy choose this frock because of its Grecian lines. Sleeveless, you see, with bodice of tulle.



AMERICAN

Margarita Fisher likes this frock of pale blue organdie with bands of pale pink ribbon.



CHRISTIE

"I'm happiest in a sport suit," confesses Fay Tincher.



GOLDWYN

This ball gown, worn by Pauline Frederick, is of turquoise velvet, the skirt draped up to the bodice. The sleeves are strings of cut crystals held by a velvet band.



FOX

Elinor Fair has heaps of faith in gingham, simple but correct.



ANTHONY

Edna Mae Cooper believes it is accessories that count; a gorgeous feather fan, a single long-stemmed rose, or mayhap an antique girdle. This gown worn in "Old Wives for New."



GOLDWYN

Mabel Normand offers, in evidence of the soundness of her unusual theories, this afternoon frock of pale blue chiffon over a foundation of the same shade, with rows of narrow Alice blue ribbon.



Filming the Fashions

By Emma-Lindsay Squier



Pauline Frederick.

"**S**PEAKING of bromides," said Mabel Normand of the Goldwyn studio, though we really hadn't said a word about such things, "the guy that pulled that one about clothes making the man could have made his proverb even more popular if he had strung off something like this: 'Styles are made by men, but *style* is made by women.' Deep stuff—eh, wot?" And with that she

breezed away to get on the daily set.

I couldn't agree as to the depth of the "stuff," but it did sound reasonable, so much so that I later flagged the volatile Mabel after she had finished the scene and was starting for her dressing-room to change costumes and asked for some expansion of the subject.

"C'mon up," she invited, "and while I dress, I'll say something for publication."

Her dressing-room is hung with chintz—or maybe it's cretonne; anyhow, it's very bright and Mabelish, and while her maid unfastened the street gown she was wearing, the vivacious star expounded her ideas on the subject of dress.

"You see, I figure that style is only a relative term. A bunch of men get together and dope out what will be the rage for the coming season, and the *styles* are made, right off the bat; but not *style*—not by a darn sight." Yes, I'm obliged to admit that Mabel, on occasion, *can* and *does* use slang.

"One woman gets inside a Paquin gown and strolls down Peacock Alley; the Social Angoras give her the once over and say to each other, 'My dear, what a deplorable absence of style!' Another woman will put on a two-by-four gingham with a string of beads around her neck, and the same Knockers' Chorus will have to admit grudgingly that she certainly *has* style!

"Why? Because one knows her type and the other doesn't. The Paquin lady probably has a gingham soul, but doesn't dress to it; and the gingham girl, though she may yearn for an imported outfit, has sense enough to stick to the homespun."

"And what kind of things do *you* wear?" I asked pointedly, though it was really unnecessary, since Miss Normand was already being hooked into an afternoon frock of pale blue chiffon over a foundation of the same shade, with very

long sleeves, and with row on row of Alice blue velvet ribbon, very narrow, trimming the skirt and bodice, and with a wider girdle of peacock blue velvet caught at the side with a bunch of French flowers. This was topped by a hat of pale blue georgette trimmed with an old rose ribbon.

"Well, if you *must* be personal," she answered, "this is the kind of a dress I like best, because it expresses youth and simplicity. The skirt, you see, isn't at all narrow; it suggests vigor and freedom of motion—and perhaps you've noticed that I need lots of room to move around."

We said we had noticed it.

"And since you're asking," Miss Normand went on, "blue is my favorite color, and I think brunettes ought to wear it instead of red; not for tall, vampish brunettes, of course, but cute little ones like"—

"Like you?" I finished, and Mabel winked at me.

Of course you know that a style story without Pauline Frederick in it would be "pas bon," so I crossed a number of stages and lots to find the beautiful film star, and when I came upon her, she was in a tiny bedroom set, sitting on the bed and looking disconsolately at an ivory toilet set, doubtless wondering what Uncle Ike would give for it. She was shedding real tears—and when I say real, I mean that they were not induced by glycerin or sad music played on the side lines. Miss Frederick is one of the few emotional actresses whose emoting does not require a rendition of "Hearts and Flowers" or "The Miserere" by the studio orchestra.

When she had finished her silent weep, she came from the set, clad very shabbily in an old suit that fitted none too well, but which could not hide the regal lines nor detract from her graceful carriage.

"Oh, this is a terrible time to talk of style!" she laughed, indicating her costume. "But if you want to know how I dress—well, I find that my particular style demands a combination of the

conventional and the bizarre—a combination of the puritan and pagan, I might say. For instance, take a ball gown I wore in 'The Fear Woman' as characteristic of what I mean. It is of tur-

quoise chiffon velvet, with the front and back of the skirt draped up to the bodice—nothing unusual about that, you see; but the striking touch is that the sleeves are made of strings of cut crystals, held with a band of velvet,



Seena Owens.



Louise Glaum.

(Continued on page 37)

Movie Mirrors Play Curious Tricks



Rodney Le Rocque is suddenly and supernaturally reminded that he owes his landlady money.

Shocked

"The director has fainted. What happened?"

"The star smiled at him."

Rare

The resident of Los Angeles was showing a visitor the sights of the town.

"That house has an odd history," he said, pointing to a residence.

"In what way?" inquired the visitor.

"It has never been photographed by the film companies."



Hugh Thompson (in the circle) has better luck. He has no kick against a looking glass which reflects him as Evelyn Greeley.

Speed

"Time flies doesn't it?"

"I should say so. The movies can cover twenty years in one foot of sub-title."

A Prophet of Profits

It's a wise producer who knows what the public wants when the public doesn't know itself.

"Motion picture wedding scenes are never true to life." "Why?"
"The bridegroom never looks scared."

Screen Scrapple

By H. R.

Observations, wise and otherwise, of
New York studio folks and their doings.

ONE often stops to wonder what a movie plot would be worth

without an automobile. The automobile is the panacea for all sick plots. Faithful Old Dog Tray had nothing on the auto. It is the auto that carries suspense and the vampire over a cliff, so that life ahead looms rosy for the hero and heroine; it is the auto that gives the villain a speaking acquaintance with the country ingenue (and all a villain needs is a speaking acquaintance, and all a country ingenue needs is to be spoken to); it is the auto that brings the irate parent to the scene of the runaway marriage, thus making a complete climax with all the principals grouped at center left; it is the auto that puts a marcel wave in your spinal cord when it (the auto) clears the crossing just as the midnight express thunders by. And then, too, think how dull life would be without that auto full of Keystone cops to the rescue!

THOSE fans who have worked themselves into a frenzy wondering how the Western drama could survive after July 1st will find a solution to the problem in "Bare-knuckled Gallagher," which features William Desmond. The story is the

wildest of the wildest and as woolly as can be, and it is all done on Coca-Cola. It has no town saloon to be shot up, it can't boast a single dance-hall girl, and its villain is fully as vituperous as if he took his whiskey straight. We have always known that the Western drama was virile, but we figured that something, some time, would put a stop to its long life. If it can't be crippled by the loss of a saloon and the atmosphere which made it famous, it will, no

doubt, like the babbling brook, so graphically described by the late Alfred, Lord Tennyson, continue on forever and forever.

TEXAS GUINAN, as the two-gun woman of the screen, has created a new type of heroine—but it is to be hoped the screen doesn't become congested with more like it. Disporting herself frolicsomenely in trousers, she presents a hybrid phenomenon without feminine charms or masculine beauty. And incidentally, Texas wasn't built

for trousers. The suspense of the picture is when she mounts her horse.

MISS GUINAN has taken Bill Hart for her model and flips a gun and squares a jaw in regulation style. In view of Miss Guinan's proportions, it would have done her a lot more good to have kept Eddie Polo in mind.

AND speaking of Eddie Polo reminds us that his leading lady's name is Peggy Aarup. According to our idea of the fitness of things and names, they should appear in a picture with a title like "Upstairs and Down."

FANNIE WARD has no dry time of it in her

newest release, "The Profiteers." Her copious tears fill fully three reels and make one uneasily recall Alice-in-Wonderland, who was obliged to swim around in a pool of weepings. There are times when one fosters prohibition.

THERE are three reasons why an ingenue should wear curls—the importance of looking innocent, the need of looking youthful, and Mary Pickford.



More people would go in for poultry raising if eggs yielded something on the May Allison model.

Whence Come These Movie Tears?

By Robert C. Benchley



Almost everyone has some bit of music which stimulates the tear glands to the point of inundation.

SOME optimist has said, with considerable point, that there is enough sadness in the world as it is without paying good money to go and see a moving picture of a woman crying herself into the heavens. This dislike on the part of the general public for surplus sorrow is probably the reason why ninety million inhabitants of these United States go regularly to see Gail Kane or Pauline Frederick cry all over the screen. If Mr. Griffith ever decides to film Greek mythology, it is a safe bet that the female lead will be Niobe, winner of the Amateur Olympian weep-stakes in 1000 B. C., for, whatever else is taken away from them, the American woman must have her full quota of sobs to be really happy.

The ability of so many of our screen stars to cry on short notice and cater to this love of vicarious sorrow on the part of the public, by letting themselves be filmed with large, globular tears trickling down their cheeks, has been the cause of much wonderment on the part of those in the audience who are able to cry only under the stimulus of a clout across the bridge of the nose or the death of a favorite canary. They can't understand how it is done. And when an audience can't understand how a thing is done, the first thing they do is to concoct a theory of their own.

Consequently, stories are circulated to the effect that the way Mae Marsh makes herself cry when the script demands it is to go outside and have Louis Lee Arms, her sporting husband, beat her with a golf club. This explanation, however, would hardly seem adequate to account

for a whole season's successful weeping, for by the end of the picture the star would have to be pushed about in a wheel chair.

As a matter of fact, inquiry among a group of our most lachrymose heroines brings forth the fact that their crying is simply a matter of putting themselves in a crying frame of mind, and then removing all economic barriers on the tear ducts and letting the glistening drops gush forth as they will. The only trouble with this method, according to Gail Kane, is that real, producer-to-consumer tears seldom shape up very well on the way down the cheeks, but are apt to smear against the side of the nose and disappear in a moist blur. For good, solid beads of tear drops, which keep their shape all the way down to the corners of the mouth, glycerine is the accepted ingredient.

An eyecup containing glycerine or boracic acid should always be on hand, in case the star cannot become sufficiently wrought up to squeeze out the requisite number of real tears. The picture can then be stopped while the glass is applied to the eye, and then continue as the sparkling pearls of glycerine course down her cheeks with as much verisimilitude as if she had just been told that she is getting fat.

The glycerine and boracic acid treatment, however, is considered small-time stuff by the real weepers of the screen, who feel that it should be genuine tears or none at all. Real tears are induced to flow in a variety of ways, most all of an emotional nature. Almost everyone has

some bit of music which stimulates the tear glands to the point of inundating the shirt front. (Our own special stimulus is, for instance, "Juanita," rendered at the other end of a lake at night by a male quartet.) Mary Pickford is rendered blind in both eyes by Dvorak's "Humoresque," played on the 'cello. Pauline Frederick can always get her effect if a violinist who pulls a mean whine on his D string is stationed somewhere near. And it is stated that Bert Lytell, in "Blackie's Redemption," is susceptible to the stirring tinkle of the saxophone.

Other stars are able to weep simply by taking a mental posture which makes their eyes think that some great sorrow has descended upon their owner and causes them to function accordingly. They simply shut out all thoughts that would tend to make them happy and stir themselves into a perfect maelstrom of emotion on the inside, then wink once or twice very hard—and there you are, trickle-trickle!

This method has its disadvantages, however, according again to Gail Kane, who was our special authority in this research. Many a time Miss Kane has succeeded, by dint of thinking of old people leaving their homes for the poorhouse and wayward girls being cast out into snowstorms, in filling her eyes with tears to the point of running over, only to have the director announce that the scene would have to be reset at that point or that lunch was served. And there she would be, with an eye-



For good, solid beads of tear drops, which keep their shape, glycerine is the accepted ingredient.

ful of perfectly legitimate tears for which there was no market. A tear duct which has any pride in its work will stand for just so much of such trifling, and then some fine day will refuse to function and call a drought.

Movie fans are becoming more and more exacting every day, however, and are beginning to demand real tears, regardless of the cost in time and labor. Glycerine was all right in its day and is still winked at when used in Sennett comedies and such-like emotional debauches, along with the onion cut in the shape of a tuberose and concealed in a bouquet to be sniffed whenever an attack of deep sorrow is felt coming on; but for high-class, heartbreaking tragedy, at fifty-eight cents a throw, including war tax, the public insists on being served with Grade A tears.

Considering which, and the strain upon the nerve centers of those young women who have to tear themselves into emotional shreds several times a day, we may soon expect to be asked to contribute to a fund for the erection of a psychopathic hospital on the sandy coast of California or the rocky cliffs of Fort Lee, to which may resort the dozens of wan, curly-headed heroines, with large, moist eyes, who will, in a short while, find themselves emotional wrecks. Let them look to the brimming eyecup while there is yet time!

An actor will tell you that the crank on the camera isn't the only one around the studio.

Infinite Revenue

"I've got a scheme to pay off the country's war debt."
"What is it?"

"Impose a tax of two cents on every motion picture scenario written."

Thirty Seconds for Repairs

Flora—In the most interesting part of a magazine story, you always find it's to be continued in the next issue.

Fauna—Yes, and the most thrilling point in a photograph is always where the film breaks.

Especially the Staresses

Movie Fan—Don't you think the star system will have to be abolished sooner or later?

Professor of Astronomy—Abolish the stars? Why, no man on earth can do that!

A Super-serial

Flora—Is that new film serial of Viva Voce's proving a success?

Fauna—It's too soon to tell. She's just released the hundred and forty-third episode!

Kiddies of Screendom Who Play Home L



A family "close-up" which is full of inspiration for Taylor Holmes. The boys are Phillips and Ralph, the elder being eleven. The young lady, who takes after her father, is Madelene, aged five.



Jack Mulhall, Jr., son of Jack Mulhall, leading man at Universal for many years. The wife and mother's professional name is Laura Mulhall. Fox followers will recognize her.



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., aged eleven, say which is which their ponies in those paring for a canter



Dorothy Phillips (Mrs. Alan Holubar) and her daughter, Gwendolyn. Gwendolyn is teaching mother to register sympathy—for the doll. The latter's name and pedigree were not sent us. Nor was the make of Gwendolyn's roadster.



to the Adoring Support of Star Parents



ne, and his brother,
ld be unnecessary to
Fairbanks boys had
and were just pre-
the park at Denver.



Jane Novak's baby, Virginia, called "Jinny" by those who know her well. "Jinny" is twenty-two months old. Notice the eyes — Jane right over again.



Miriam Cooper and Jack, the little chap whom she and her husband, Raoul Walsh, adopted from among the survivors of the Halifax disaster. Jack is nine years old.



Thomas Ince and his three youngsters, all three being chips of the old block; or, as one might appropriately say of such offspring, chips of the old film. The family cast is as follows: camera man, "Bill" Ince; assistant director, "Dick" Ince; director with megaphone and commanding manner, "Tom" Ince, Jr.; the actor on the set, Father Ince.



William Wallace Reid, Jr., who, except on formal occasions, is called "Billy," Mrs. Reid is Dorothy Davenport of the long famous Davenport family of stage folks.

a real, hu-
boy in the
Bryant
n, if this
f "Sonny"
with accur-
acy.

Movies From Film Fun's Screen



Jack and His Famous Beanstalk ; or, Everything Which Goes Up Must Eventually Come Down



WORLD

"MIGHTY LIKE A ROSE"

Screen stars, like roses, bud and bloom, droop and wither. Justine Johnson, late of the Follies, has just passed the budding stage; the drooping stage being, happily, a long way off. That she takes her ambition seriously is shown by her choice of a summer stock company as a training school; and summer stock is no bed of roses.

More Important

Friend—Do you expect your new book to become a best seller?

Novelist—I don't care how many copies are sold as long as I can dispose of the motion picture rights.

Lucky

"That man is acquainted with all the movie stars in Los Angeles."

"Who is he?"

"The income tax collector."

He Has Much To Learn

The Movie Fan—This movie actor fellow gets more salary than the President of the United States.

His Wife—Yes, but the President can't do those excruciating falls and make those funny faces.

Sane

"Pa, give me a quarter."

"No; you'll only spend it foolishly."

"Honestly I won't. I want it for the movies."

"Here it is."

Celluloid Celebrities

By M. L. E.

YOU know the bromide about imitation being the sincerest flattery—well, Charlie Chaplin can tell you that, while it may be agreeable in one way, it can be mighty inconvenient at times.

Take, for instance, the incident of the Los Angeles movie theater which was showing a Chaplin picture, and which, as a side attraction, was staging a Chaplin imitation contest. There were all sorts and varieties of pseudo-Charlies out in front—four-foot Charlies and six-foot Charlies, all with canes, mustaches, derby hats and turned-up shoes. It seemed as if all the youngsters in town had congregated by the theater to out-Chaplin Chaplin. There was a huge crowd around the place, shouting encouragement to the would-be Charlies, who were all doing their best to win the prize offered for the best imitation of the famous comedian, and then—

A slight, inconspicuous young man elbowed his way through the throng and addressed the ticket taker deferentially:

"May I go inside to see my picture? I'm Charles Chaplin."

The ticket taker gave the young man the once over and sniffed in a sort of tired way.

"Yes, I've no doubt you're Chaplin," he said ironically. "You're the seventh fellow who's tried to pull that on me in the last hour, and if you'll look at the crowd out there, you'll know better than to tell me you're Chaplin—without a mustache."

"But, really"—the young man commenced.

"Really nothing!" the ticket man exploded. "Get out of here before I call a cop! If Chaplin ever saw you, he'd laugh himself to death to think you had an idea you looked like him."

The mild young man seemed to struggle with a desire to burst into apoplectic laughter, but he turned away obediently and purchased a ticket.

"Didja see who went in just now?" an usherette asked the ticket man. "That was Charlie Chaplin."

PAULINE FREDERICK owns a wonderful home out near Beverly, Calif., an automobile and all the luxurious accessories that go with a place in stardom and a starry salary; but her dearest possession is her black Pomeranian, Stocker, who looks like an animated penwiper and who thinks himself a competent guardian for his lovely mistress.

Miss Frederick first saw Stocker at a dog show in New York, and it was love at first sight with both of them. The little dog—then just a puppy—tried to follow her home, and, of course, that was enough for Miss Frederick. She went back the next day and bought him, and when she took him to her apartment he adopted the place as his home, and the next morning he was lying on the rug outside her bedroom door, in a correct "Beware the Watchdog" attitude.

She brought him to the coast with her in a specially arranged suitcase, and not even the porter knew he was on the train—at least, says Miss Frederick, if he did know, he forgot all about it—silver dollars are wonderful memory

eradicators. So the little dog accompanies his mistress to and from the Goldwyn studios, annoys the Goldwyn cats and chews

up the Goldwyn scenery. He has been in several pictures with Goldwyn

stars, having been "borrowed" for that purpose, and Miss Frederick used him in "The Fear Woman." The first thing we know, Stocker will be having his name on the billboards and be advertised as "A Rising Young Dog-Star."



Pauline Frederick's dearest possession is Stocker, her Pomeranian. She first saw him at the New York dog show and it was a case of love at first sight with both of them.

THE latest addition to the ranks of the stars is Minnie (surname unknown), the Indian princess of mastodonic proportions who worked with Mabel Normand in "Mickey," and who is now making a picture with Madaline Traverse called "Until Eternity."

Minnie's press agent says she is a princess, so it must be true; but the point of this story is that Minnie has temperament, so much so that it is unwise for a director to tamper unduly with her prejudices and opinions.

Harry Millard is directing the picture, and the other day he was trying to get Minnie to describe a husband beating up his wife. The lady got the idea all right, but the motions she made with her hands resembled the ones which Uncle Abie uses when he says, "It cost me seventy dollars, but you can have it for fifty cents," and Millard accused Minnie of being Yiddish.

Now "Yiddish" might have been a vegetable for all Minnie knew, but she thought she had been handed a verbal lemon, and she turned on Director Millard with a scowl that was distinctly not in the script.

(Continued on page 40)

"Hearts and Flowers" In a Setting of Comedy



1. *Phyllis (on the extreme right) fascinated by Ford, the orchestra leader.*

In Part as Follows

Ford, a musical genius, is leader of a hotel orchestra and something of a ladykiller. By his charming airs and graces, he wins *Phyllis* away from *Billy*, and the latter, for revenge, fakes a letter which makes *Ford* think that *Louise*, the lowly hotel flower girl whom he has scorned, has money in bunches. That is enough. He makes a play for *Louise* and cares not for the jealousy of *Phyllis*. He proposes and is accepted. *Ford* and *Louise* are about to be wed, regardless of her formidable and terrifying family, whom he meets one by one, when he learns that the girl has no money at all. *Ford* makes a wild dash to get away, but *Louise's* three brothers give him plenty of nerve strain in the process. *Louise* marries *Jack*, a faithful former worshiper.

2. *Louise (on the extreme left) gets never a look from the adorable Ford until—*



3. *It is apparently true that she is rich. Then Ford swallows hard and proposes.*



4. *Louise holds Ford tight when the engaged couple meet Phyllis on the beach.*



5. *It comes hard for Ford to give up a Phyllis for a Louise, coin or no coin. The soldierly thing on the left is Jack, a would-be steady of Louise.*

6. *And here is what Ford faced without flinching—the family of Louise—until he learned her wealth was a myth. Then it was exit Ford hastily.*



WORLD

Of good results in the making of picture plays, the most important essential is for the director to have his star under full control. Nothing could better illustrate the necessary team work than this scene from the day's labor of June Elvidge and Director Johnson.

Snide Talks With Girls

By Malaria Miggs, the Movie Star

GIRLS, girls, I beseech you, don't go into the motion picture profession. I tell you this for my own good. There are too many in it now, so many, in fact, that some of us hardly know where our next limousine is coming from.

If you have a nice soft job in a glue factory, stick to it.

I know motion picture work carries with it certain fascinations. Every girl wants to know how she would look in a picture registering grief, with her mouth pulled around under her left ear and an imitation tear about the size of an English walnut rolling down her nose. I know it is a temptation, and the money is large—oh, yes, very, very large. But money isn't everything.

I have often wished that, instead of becoming a great screen actress, I had married a policeman and settled down in a three-room kitchenette with a par-

lor full of installment furniture and an endless clothes-line full of khaki shirts. Yes, I have.

The pictures are full of illusions. The leading men don't really make love to one, you know. Oh, by no means! I wouldn't marry any leading man I ever worked with. As soon as you marry one of them, he stops working.

They are very annoying, really. Last week I was working with Spencerian Fortesque, and in the place where he

takes me in his arms and the sub-title says, "Queen of my heart, my angel Amaryllis!" he really said, "For Gawd's sake break your clinch! Don't you know it's a hot day?" After he said that, I had to pull a pensive expression full of love, gazing enraptured into his eyes, and say, "Harold, I have loved you always!" but I didn't say that. I mur-

(Continued on page 39)



"Come out into the moonlight, fellers, and get in the movies—here comes a camera-man."

"Love's False Faces," Comedy Broad and Long



1. Charlotte, the vampish boarder, arrives. The scheming Chester hints that Jimmy will bear watching.



2. A table full of real money, Marie's inheritance. Chester and Jimmy more than interested in same.

A Gallon in a Pint

When Webster's dictionary can be printed on a postage stamp, it will be possible to describe a Mack Sennett comedy in this space. "Love's False Faces" flits from a boarding house to a barroom (obsolete term) and back again. When the characters are not falling down, they are framing up. The story revolves around Marie, a boarding-house keeper who is left money, Jimmy, her husband, and Chester, the barkeep, who plots to cut Jimmy out when Marie inherits riches. Chester tries to compromise Jimmy with Charlotte, a vampish boarder in Marie's house. Charlotte finds a long-lost husband, Chester's schemes to queer Jimmy fail, Marie suspects everybody, detectives roam the house, and the finish is a fight and Jimmy's triumph.



4. With so many millions to guard, it was but natural for Marie to hire a sleuth. Here he is.



3. Chester, the barkeep, plants in Marie's mind the idea that her husband is faithless.



5. Jimmy does a little sleuthing on his own account, as a close examination of the gentleman on the left will disclose.



6. The vampish Charlotte finds her husband, which is the beginning of the unravelling that leads to a snappy, happy ending.

PARAMOUNT-SENNETT



Whim-Whams and Wheezes

By Harry J. Smalley



THE most thrilling indoor sport among many of our producers is titling a picture. The rules for playing this fascinating game are not at all complex. In fact, there is but one rule, and it is so simple it is silly. The basic idea is that the title must never, never have any possible bearing upon the play.

BILL HART'S publicity man blooms forth with nine stills of Bill demonstrating the Indian sign language. Not being a Piute, I don't exactly get the message Bill is endeavoring to convey. Looks to me as though Bill is reciting "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck," with the usual last-day-of-school gestures.

FUNNY how cities get their names! F'rinstance, Grand Rapids, Mich., was once just Rapids, Mich. When Vivian Martin selected it for her birthplace, they added the "Grand."

IF ever the time comes that we must Hooverize on printer's ink, I have a suggestion to sugg. Restrict publicity men to the use of adjectives of less than three syllables when busily boosting their stock of stars. According to my figures, this would mean a saving of ten thousand barrels annually of the precious fluid.

IF Fairbanks told you that he thought Chaplin was, with one exception, the greatest of film comedians, and Chaplin told you that the films had but two real comedians, and that Doug beyond a question was one of them, wouldn't you agree with both of them? So would I!

VISITORS in Los Angeles greatly marvel upon the domestic felicity of the married movie folk. 'Tis easily explained. All the married actors live either in flats

or bungalows. They have no chance to call each other down!

A MENU FOR ME 'N' YOU

*Those dainty, delectable Gishes
Are sweet as ice cream on the dishes!
I would like to eat both—
So I would, nothing loth—
But they'd probably object to my wishes!*

THERE are just four jobs in the pictures I would wish for: Wardrobe man for Mack Sennett's Beauty Squad.

Mabel Normand's maid.
Mary Pickford's mirror.
Kicking Billy West.

A CERTAIN State's prison installed motion pictures to entertain the inmates. When the citizens outside discovered that the pictures inside were better than the ones outside, a wave of crime swept over the city. The whole town was trying to get pinched!

SOME days Chaplin works but three hours on a picture. BUT in those three hours is often jammed all the fervor of a Fourth of July, an old-time Donnybrook Fair and a busy day in Petrogradovitchski.

THE ukele was the last musical instrument invented, and Wally Reid learned to play on it. He also performs upon every other musical instrument invented before the ukele. Dorothy Davenport sometimes imagines she married an orchestra!

ELSIE FERGUSON says she cannot develop properly in the studio and will return to the stage because she wants to go on developing. Is she seeking dark rooms or—horrible thought!—does Elsie contemplate competition to the superbly developed Arbuckle?



THROUGH ENGLISH EYES

Here are the Gish girls, Lillian and Dorothy, as they look to the London Tatler. The gentleman of the smoke rings is D. W. Griffith.



THE GIRL OF THE GOLDWYN WEST

Madge Kennedy takes her "Leave It to Susan" company for a picnic in the Mojave Desert on a brass bound rattler. Miss Kennedy is in the left foreground beside the kneeling gunman. In her newest picture she brings four of them to her feet.

ROXANA MCGOWAN, who is one of the ingredients in that famous eye tonic known as Mack Sennett's Beauty Squad, wears a bathing suit that contains all the colors of the rainbow. The beauty of a suit of this kind is that it really doesn't matter if the colors DO run. The more they run, the more rainbowish the suit.

"MOVING" PICTURES!

"Up the Flue" (Star).

"Upstairs and Down" (Selznick).

"Through the Wall" (Am. Mutual).

"Over the Garden Wall" (Mutual).

"In Again, Out Again" (Artcraft).

"Upside Down" (Triangle).

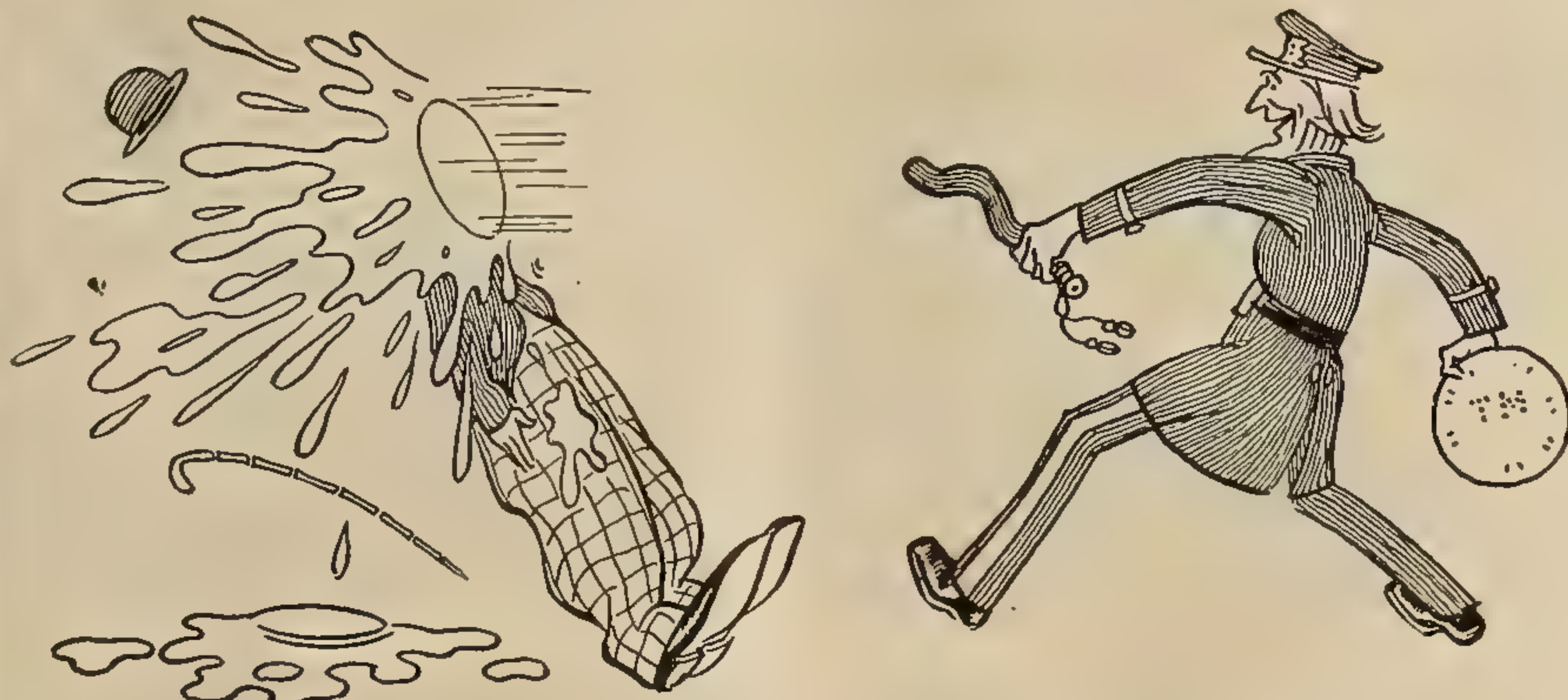
"Headin' South" (Paramount).

GET-RICH-QUICK TIP: In "The Lion's Den," Bert Lytell needs a large sum of money. Does he burgle a bank? Nope! He starts a grocery store and accumulates the kale easily, quickly and much!

SILLY RIDDLE: If Doug Fairbanks ever had the toothache, what kind of a toothache would it be? Jumping? How on earth, did you ever guess it?

ART NOTE: Eugene Pallette, after doing his bit with the colors, returned to Metro Studios and resumed his picture making.

William S. Hart's pictures of the wild and woolly West have created a wild and woolly East.



An Impression of Present Relations between Business and Government.

Fay Tincher Is Resourceful in "Mary Moves In"



1. Mary is not pleased to see her Jack in the car with the seven-foot-eyed blonde.



2. The shiny expression on Jack's face is due to Mary's trade off Father and the promised check.



3. Married life is a bit rough when one has to stand a showdown against the furniture men.

The Story at a Glance

Mary Grayson (Fay Tincher) was in love and proud of it, but her fiancé was being vamped by a blonde with soulful eyes. Mary marries Jack on nerve—and the strength of Father's promise of a \$10,000 check. The blonde vamp also married. Mary and Jack bought furniture on credit and planned a housewarming. When the furniture men demanded their stuff when Father failed to come through at the crucial moment, Mary diverted the vans of "the other couple" to her own flat. The housewarming would have been all right with "the other couple's" furniture had they not discovered it and made the removal just as Father was signing the check. Father thought Mary was loaning the furniture out of kindness. The barn dance was "such a clever idea."



4. Father arrives at the last ray is going, and it just a rough water-boarding himself.



5. Mary's great head has saved the day, or rather night. There being no furniture left, she turns her housewarming into a barn dance.



6. Mary and Jack unsmilingly watch what the guests have paid. A few holes of hay unrolled off expenses—there and two pair of curtains.

Griffith's Season of Summer Repertory



"The Mountain Maid" (Constance Talmadge) encounters "Prince Belshazzar" (Alfred Paget).



In "Babylon" all the pomp and splendor of that episode of "Intolerance" are amplified to make it a complete photodrama.



D. W. GRIFFITH continues first in every new field of motion picture endeavor. He recently opened in New York a repertory season at the Cohan Theater on Broadway. The first play presented was "Broken Blossoms," founded on a story from "Limehouse Nights." Lillian Gish plays *The Child*, Donald Crisp as *The Battler* (her father) is most consistently a brute, and Dick Barthelmes as *The Chink* is excellent. The play, being a tragedy, is permitted to develop at a tempo which allows the beholder to follow the drama's unfolding in a way most unusual hitherto in pictures. And the photography is marvelously beautiful, with a number of new touches, notably the color which is used almost as the "motif" in an opera, to lead to the unfoldment of the story. The only suggestion of real humor in the play is the zeal of the young chink to go as missionary to the English, and one of the most impressive bits is the



Strange sanctuary this—a coil of cable in the shelter of waterfront shadows—but "the Girl" (Lillian Gish) could find no other, and this was all she knew of peace or play.

ceremonies which precede his departure. New York has received the drama with the greatest enthusiasm. Even during the hot spell hundreds had to be turned away nightly, and it seems possible that this will have a longer run here than "Hearts of the World," which broke the record for continuous runs, only two stage plays having given a greater consecutive number of presentations. A like season was opened in Boston, about two weeks after the New York first showing, and then a season in Chicago was begun. A string of theaters across the country may be acquired and operated much as the K & E and Shubert chains. This would seem reasonable as a first step in the operations of the "Associated Artists," which is to be in full operation by September 1st, according to announcements. Following "Broken Blossoms" there will be a presentation of "Babylon" and "The Mother and the Law."

Utopia

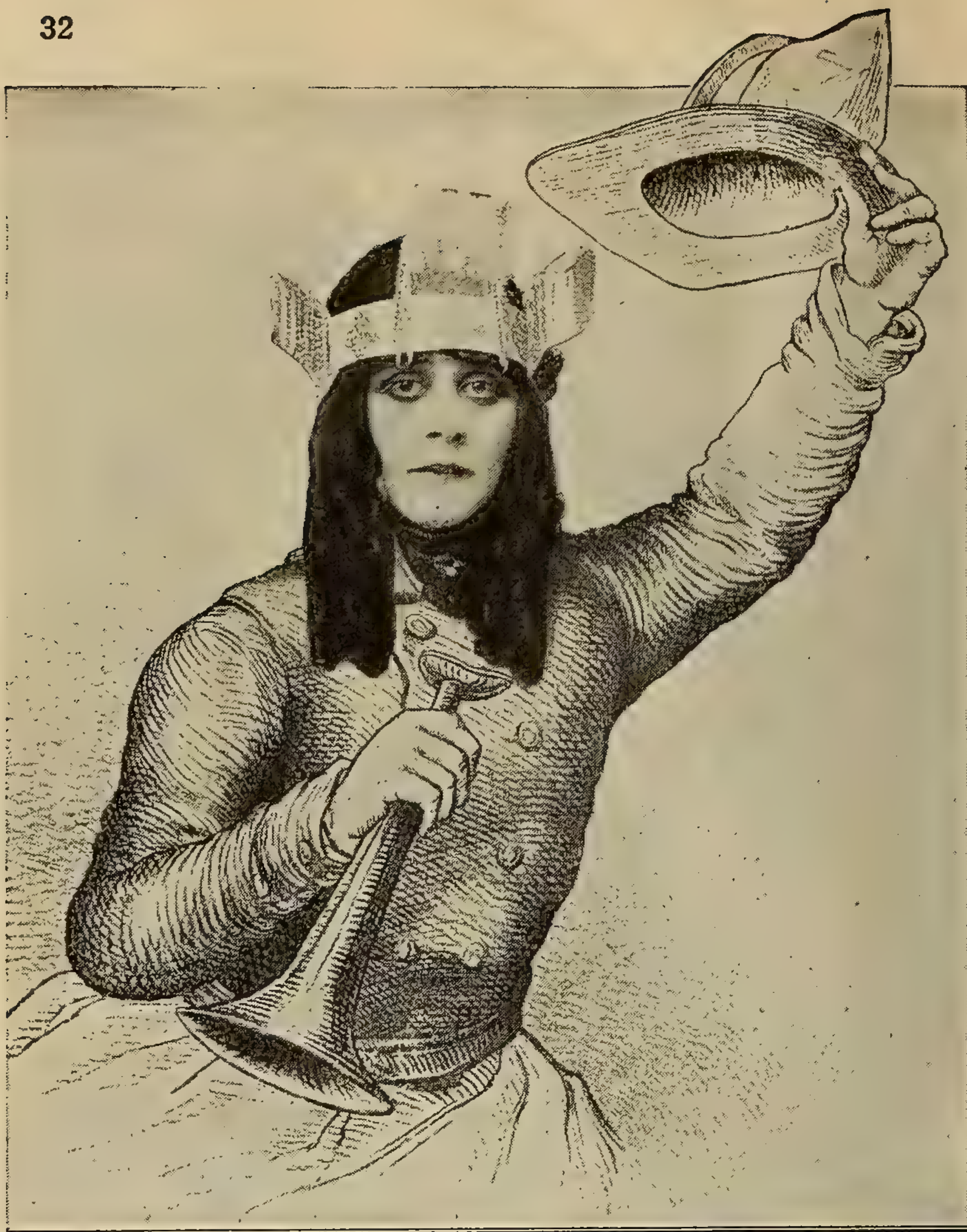
The visitor to the motion picture studio, watching a tender love scene, was visibly impressed.

"And do they really get paid for doing that?" he asked incredulously.

Worthy the Name

"There doesn't seem to be as many explorers nowadays as there were years ago."

"There are many more; you forget the movie location men."



SPLITTING FIFTY-FIFTY

Willie, who is a juvenile movie fan, cannot understand what Grandpa means when he says he was once an old-time Vamp, and ran with the Volunteer Fire Department. Willie knows but one kind of Vamp, so his conception of Grandpa on the way to a fire is somewhat mixed.

Making the Movies

By Warren Woodruff Lewis

MAKING a moving picture is one of the easiest things in the world. Almost anybody with average intelligence can do one. There are only a few things required for the job. The star is one of the most important, although some of the extras who play the mob scene parts are apt to tell you that their role is more important than the lead.

Making a movie is like making a cake or a plum pudding. The first thing, of course, is the receipt, and the receipt for the movie is a story. After you have read about seven or eight hundred stories and have found one that suits you, the next thing to do is to find somebody who will lend you enough money to engage the cast. It is impossible to make an up-to-date movie without a cast. The star is part of the cast, and most of the money is spent engaging this luminary, but if you have average good fortune you will find that you've got almost enough left to engage the director.

From the viewpoint of the star a director is the most inhuman monster on the face of the earth. The director is the person who tells you how to spend your money. He generally has a great deal to say about the selection of the cast, and a great deal more to say as to how the story shall begin and end. Even the author of the story will agree with this statement. However, in the making of a movie

the author is the least considered person of all. It is a wise author who recognizes his own story after it has passed through the hands of a director.

Another important figure in connection with movie making is the man who turns the crank of the machine which takes the picture. This individual is called the camera man, but there are occasions during the making of the average movie when he is called several other names. When the picture is finished, he has the privilege of seeing his name in small letters on the first reel of the film. It is also said that he gets a small amount of money for his labor, but this item, of course, is secondary. Camera men are supposed to be temperamental, with a love for the artistic in life.

The camera man also has an assistant, but this member of the company is called an assistant photographer, because the word photographer is not as expensive as camera man. If you are going to produce a movie, it will be cheaper to hire a couple of ordinary photographers.

After you have assembled this collection of artists and have also made arrangements with a technical director to map out the



Old Comedian—Well, if you were such a great Hamlet, why not induce some movie manager to film the tragedy with you in the role?

Old Tragedian—It would be sacrilege, my friend—sacrilege! It is the lines that count, sir, the text!

Old Comedian—Perhaps. But the screen would be a protection against the impulses of audiences to throw things!

technique of the story, you engage an art director whose duty it is to tell you what color curtains to hang in the bathroom. You are then ready to engage the property man. The property man is the person who keeps track of the revolvers and swords. He is also the man who supplies the villain with the papers. The property man generally buys these things himself, but you will get a bill for them later. When you



FATHER TIME, THE CAMERA MAN

are at last ready to start, the property man buys a megaphone for the director. The director uses a megaphone to yell at the camera man and the star. Its selection is one of the most important items in the production of a picture. A great many pictures have been spoiled because the director's megaphone was too small.

If you have attended to these few details, you are now ready to make a real start on the production. The length of time that it takes to make a picture varies from six weeks to three months, but unless your bank account gives out, the director will not trouble you about this. If the

bank account lasts and the star does not become temperamental and throw up her job, your picture will be finished in six or seven weeks. It is then ready for the cutter.

The cutter is a peculiar person. He works with a pair of scissors, a pencil and a pad of paper. The chief delight of a cutter is to mutilate the picture so that the director will fail to recognize it when he sees it on the screen. Thus you

find a sort of system of evolution. The director changes the story around so the author wouldn't know it, and the cutter cuts out all the choice scenes the director puts in.

At this stage it is time to have another look at the bankbook, and if there is still enough balance, you engage a theater and advertise the first showing for Monday night. You are then half way over the fence. If the critics say it is a bad picture, you will totter back into the chasm of poverty; but if they say it is a good picture, you will make almost enough money to get back what it cost you to make it.



Movies of this sort are admirable summer sedatives. They are guaranteed to reduce the temperature of the theater showing them at least twenty degrees. This is real snow on the lower slopes of Mount Shasta. New York State has a handy "Siberia" or "Alaska" but a few hours from the metropolis, in the Adirondacks. It is equipped with everything an Arctic scenario might need, from Eskimo dogs to a lumber camp. Blizzards in season.

Life is Dull in Dogville





EVOLUTION OF THE MOVIE COMEDY

Elementary Facts

THE best station agents are always pretty young girls in a white shirtwaist and short dress.

Letters are always crushed in one's hand if they contain bad news and kissed if otherwise.

The incriminating papers are always put in the lady's bosom if they wish to keep the bad man from getting them. As if—

Villains are always either well dressed or to the other extreme, with no happy medium villain yet to be heard from.

When in doubt of how to pass the time until the entrance of a character or to make up one's mind, people either light a cigarette, take a drink, or pick up and throw down immediately again a book.

A crying lady always finds a door to lean against, with her head against her arm. Oh, the door leaners of the movies!

Bad men always, in the West, are very generous with their money and invariably invite hundreds of men to drink with them and are ready to murder the good one who won't drink with him, despite the fact that the latter is saving him thereby some few cents. Oh, dry law, where is thy sting?

Doctors and judge inevitably wear long white beards, for dignity's sake, no doubt, microbes to the contrary. It isn't done, Oswald; it is *not* performed!

Query and Answer

This combination,
What could beat—
Doug Fairbanks's smile and
Chaplin's feet?

This combination,
I declare—

T. Bara's eyes and
Pickford's hair!

Praise Indeed

"Has he got a pretty home?"

"Pretty! Why, the rooms look almost as good as motion picture sets!"

Alas for Art!

From prohibition to art seems a far cry, but that the latter will inevitably be affected by the former is the gloomy prediction of Vincent Mannerling. Vincent, be it understood, is justly considered one of the leading "heavies" in all filmdom, and like all genuine artists he is strong for the proper setting and atmosphere. Right here lies his opposition to prohibition, for—but to use his own words:

"It can't be done," he says; "it simply can't be done. Just picture me trying to register villainy in an ice-cream parlor, surrounded by marble-topped tables, paper napkins and white-coated 'soda-jerks'! Just picture," he went on disgustedly, "a trio of desperate criminals perfecting the details of a diabolical plot over a couple of nut sundaes and a Boston egg flip. It's all wrong!" he added, tossing his perfumed cigarette into the gutter; "it's all wrong!"



WORLD

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The signing of the peace pact at Versailles, and the signing of a Pathe contract by Ruth Roland, were the chief feats of penmanship for the past month. There is still some difference of opinion as to which event was the more important. Incidentally, this is the first snapshot ever taken in America of Charles Pathe.

Picture Play Poems

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village blacksmith stands!
His picture soon the folks will see
In many foreign lands!

Listen, my children!
There will appear
A photoplay
Of Paul Revere!

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
The children go off to the movies
And have a good time for an hour!

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled!
"A splendid bit of work, by heck!"
The great director said.

A soldier of the Legion
Lay dying in Algiers!
The audience in silence shed
Most sympathetic tears!

—Harold Seton.

Reviews of Motion Pictures

(Continued from page 10)

placing that eminent "bartender," Mr. Richard Barthelmass Penobscot, behind the mahogany counter in the big saloon

scene in this production. Mr. Penobscot has been enacting the role of bartender for five or six years now in the movies, and in each production in which we see him, we see a distinct gain in his power of portrayal and an increased finesse in juggling the bar glasses and slipping the customer's change across the counter. Oh, for a producer wise enough and farsighted enough to star Mr. Penobscot in the role of a bartender in a six-reel production! For our part we would gladly sit through ten reels, if every foot of them showed Mr. Penobscot, wholly at ease, doing the customary things behind a bar.

Comments and Criticisms of a Free Lance

(Continued from page 9)

However, it never bothered *Khavah* to give and accept before the assemblage at her wedding the passionate kisses and embraces of her husband. With better taste this might have been trans-

ferred to the privacy of their own apartment. There is no place for a picture such as this "*Khavah*" in a day that is beginning to believe in the brotherhood of man, or is at least kidding itself into such a belief. The acting was good, and the sets apparently faithful reproductions, but there were too few of them. The portrayal of old manners and customs as well as the costuming gave the picture its only interest—at least its only interest as far as the Christian might be concerned.

When the Star Is Late

What the Others at the Studio Have To Say on Such an Occasion

By Frank H. Williams

The Extra Man—Pretty soft! And me hanging around here since six o'clock this morning just to get a job for the day!

The Director—Confound it! ——— It's a ——— shame! Look at this wonderful light, and there's a cloud coming up in the west like a house afire! Another day shot to pieces!

The Camera Man—Oh, well, I should fret! It's nothing in my young life! I'm going outside for a smoke!

The Leading Man—Now, if they'd only make a star out of me, I'd be Johnny-on-the-job right on the dot every day in the week. That's what they get making stars out of temperamental women instead of making stars out of real artists like myself.

The Studio Manager—For heaven's sake, somebody get her on the 'phone and see if she's started! Ye gods, this thing of holding up the picture this way has got to stop! It's costing us millions, I tell you—it's costing us millions for delays!

The Actor Who Has a Contract To Work in the Picture at So Much per Day—I hope she doesn't show up for a week!

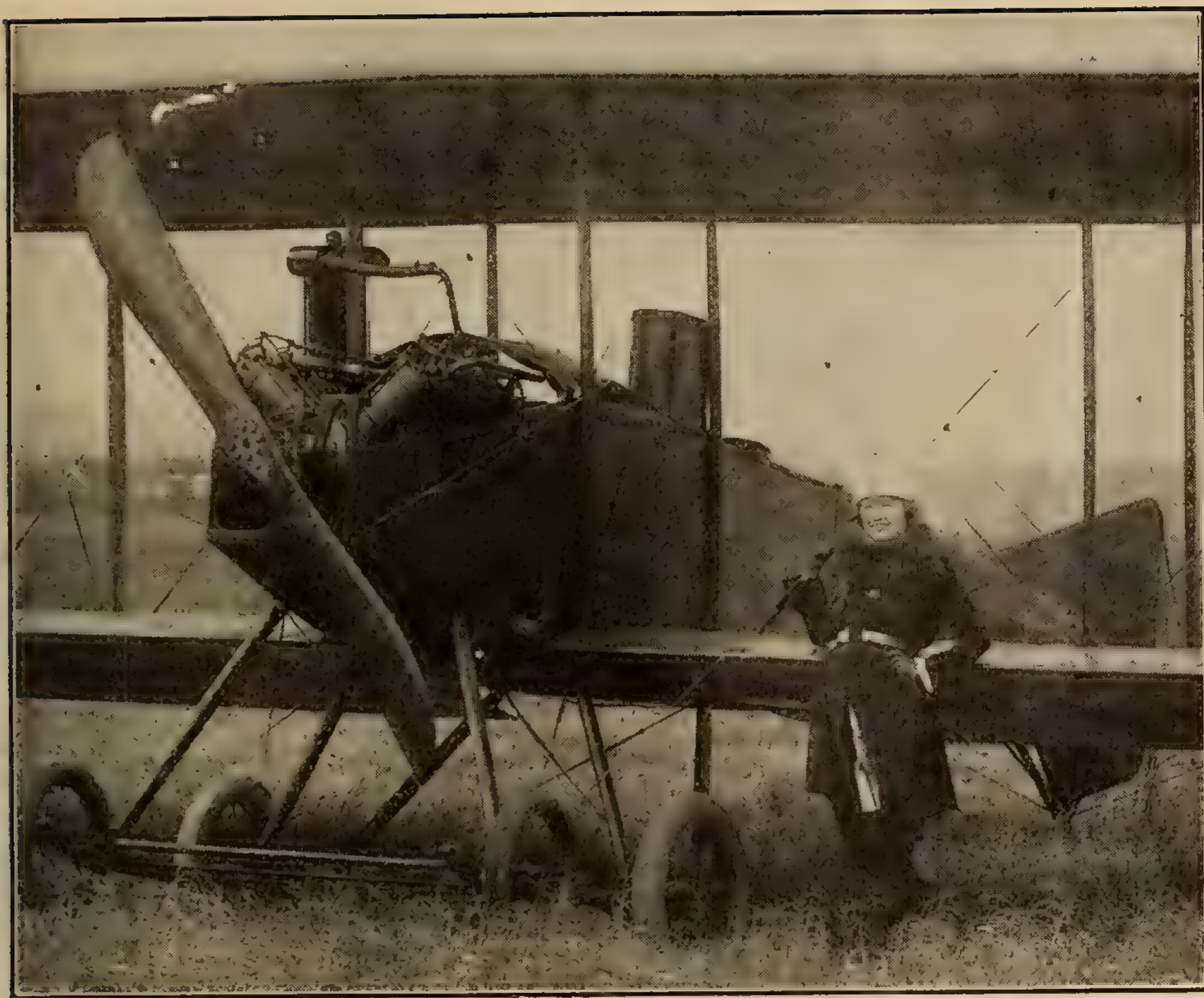
The Property Man—Gee, this is a life saver! Mebbe I can get those costumes done before she needs 'em now.

Coming to It

"The star wants another raise. She says she needs the money."

"Good heavens! What for?"

"She wants to maintain a personal press agent in every city in the country."



INTERNATIONAL

Marion Davies, after a flight over Staten Island in her very own aeroplane. She expects to do her own driving in a very short while, traveling to and from her work at the studio.

Filming the Fashions

(Continued from page 15)

and the crystals are also used, veiled with tulle, for the bodice.

"My street clothes are always plain to the point of severity. I never wear bright colors except in linings. I have one dove-gray dress and cape, both cut along conventional lines, but the cape is lined with flaming Victory red—pagan and puritan—do you see?"

Miss Frederick designs most of her gowns for both screen and private wear, and she likes to sew—she would make her own clothes if she had the time.

Over on another stage Madge Kennedy was having some "stills" made from "Leave It to Susan," and since she was wearing one of the most delightful little frocks I had seen for a long time, I stopped to ask her about it.

"If there's anything in reincarnation," she said, smiling, "I must have lived in Greece, for I love everything about the country, especially the clothes. I chose this frock because of its Grecian lines; it is sleeveless, as you can see, and the bodice of tulle is divided at the waist and caught up on the shoulders with tiny rosebuds. Then the tulle is used to veil slightly the satin skirt with its stripes of iridescent sequins and the flounces of gold-embroidered lace; then the blue ribbon girdle at the waist keeps the whole ef-

fect very simple and girlish. But I really can't tell you about styles; I only know what I like, and that's what I wear."

Leave it to Margarita Fisher to find some new "quirk" for a dress. When she came down to Los Angeles recently from Santa Barbara, she was wearing one of the daintiest, most summery frocks you could imagine. It was of pale blue organdie—Miss Fisher likes blue also—and it was trimmed with the most enticing bands of pale pink ribbon edged with lace and with rosettes of handmade lace set in a line down the skirt from waist to hem; but the striking thing about the costume was the sleeveless jacket of pale canary chiffon edged with—what do you think?—brown fur! It sounds like a paradox, but the effect was wonderful! And to finish it off, the versatile American star wore a hat of pale blue georgette, very droopy around the face, trimmed with white lilacs, and she carried a parasol with a shepherdess handle, also touched up with the same flowers.

"Of course I spend a lot of time thinking about my clothes," she admitted, when I accused her of it to her face. "Every film actress has to. I like bright colors, but I very seldom wear them except in sport suits, and then I go the limit. My favorite sport outfit has a skirt of baronette satin with

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big purple checks and a purple tricolette jacket to go with it. But in my pictures I try to keep to the light, fluffy things. No, I can't say that I like very simple things. I have a type that requires a few fluffs and frills, and so I wear them. Any one ought to who has curly hair; plain, severe things look out of place with curls."

On the contrary, Enid Bennett, one of the Ince stars, believes in absolute simplicity. I found her in a set at the studio, accepting, somewhat reluctantly, a dinner invitation from her employer—her film employer, I mean, of course—and the frock she wore was one

of those perfectly simple—and simply perfect—things. It was of gingham and percale, the gingham being of checked lavender and white, and the percale was fastened to the gingham at the hips with big pearl buttons. Little bows of wistaria ribbon at the collar and cuffs completed the dress, and any stenographer who would wear such a creation to the office shouldn't be surprised at a dinner invitation.

"This is the style of dress I generally wear," said Miss Bennett. "Not always gingham, but something extremely simple. I want beauty of fabric and line; then, no matter how simple it is, the effect will always be good."

Blondes, says Miss Bennett, should always wear delicate colors, with black for evening. Red on a blonde—oh, well, we won't talk about it, because the very thought makes Miss Bennett ill.

Not all film stars go in for graceful, stately or fluffy things. There is Fay Tincher, the Tomboy-girl of the Christie Comedies, who wears nothing but tailored things and mannish ones.

"I'm happiest in a sport suit," says Fay. She has the most fascinating eyebrows that sort of play hide and seek between her eyes and her hair when she is talking. "When I get into an even-



PARAMOUNT-INCE

"Touch a tiger kitten for luck," says Enid Bennett, "and get all you can of a good thing while your luck holds."

ing dress with lots of frills and fluffs on it, I look like Bertha, the Beautiful Boiler Maker. So does any girl whose type is 'boyish,' only most of them don't know it. Of course we all have to wear evening clothes, but the girl who wears mannish things the best should choose evening gowns that are very plain and that aren't baby-stare things."

I'm willing to bet that Fay would look like a gold mine in any kind of a gown whatsoever, but if she says not, we'll let it go at that. Anyhow, she wears sport suits with plaid wool skirts and velvet jackets, and her hat usually has a touch of blue on it—and Fay is a brunette, too. I found one screen beauty whose fetish in the way of clothes—I almost said clothes line—is not so much the gown itself as the accessories. She is Edna Mae Cooper, one of Cecil B. De Mille's finds, and she is now making "Peg o' My Heart" with Wanda Hawley.

"One beautiful evening gown looks pretty much like another," said Miss Cooper. "To my mind it's the accessories that count; it may be a gorgeous ostrich feather fan, it may be a single long-stemmed American Beauty rose, or it may be an antique girdle.

"When I played the blond vampire

in 'Old Wives for New,' I wore a wonderful black scarf of Spanish lace, which came over my shoulders and fell to the hem of my gown, which was of orchid satin. The effect, when draped over the arms, was striking and very beautiful."

So all of this goes to prove, after it is summed up—well, I don't know just exactly what it does prove; but, as Mark Twain was wont to say, it's an excellent example of something!

Snide Talks With Girls

(Continued from page 26)

mured, "You big stiff, if it wasn't for me, you'd be working in a boiler factory for twenty bucks per!"

No, girls. It's a hard life. It is not a path of roses. It took me three months to learn how to become a screen actress after I left the O. K. Restaurant in Oklahoma City.

If I could do anything else, I wouldn't be in the pictures to-day. Only a finely attuned nervous system and a strong artistic temperament can stand being butted off a cliff by a goat, run over by a string of freight cars, blown through a roof, tossed over a barn by an automobile and thrown into a box of mortar all within five minutes. And we, of the movies, stars like myself, would call it a dull five minutes at that.

Cunning

Friend—I hear you've sold a scenario. How did you do it?

Scenario Writer—I named the hero after the scenario editor.

Answered

"Why is there no national association of scenario writers?"

"How can scenario writers afford to pay dues?"

Film Fun

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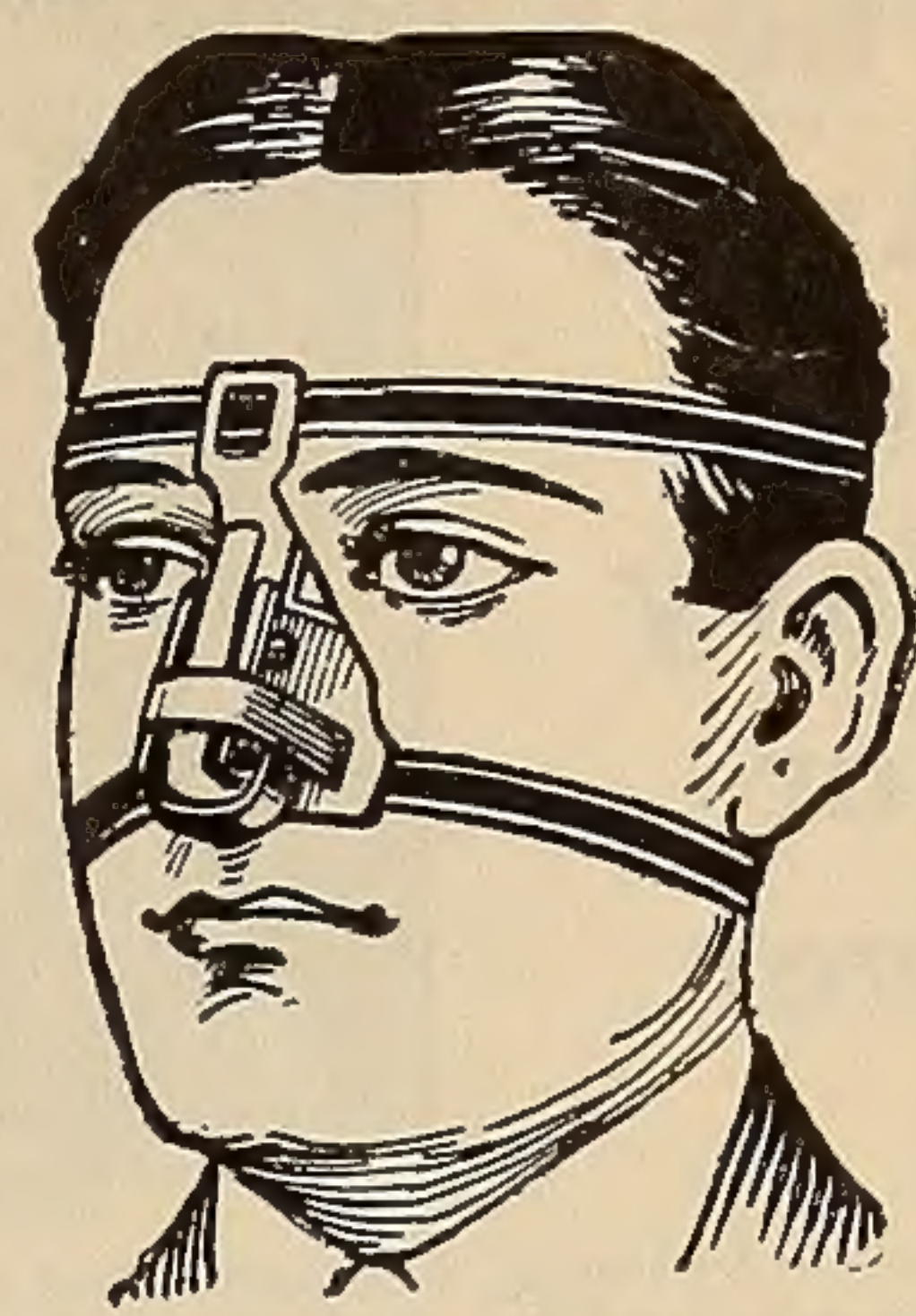
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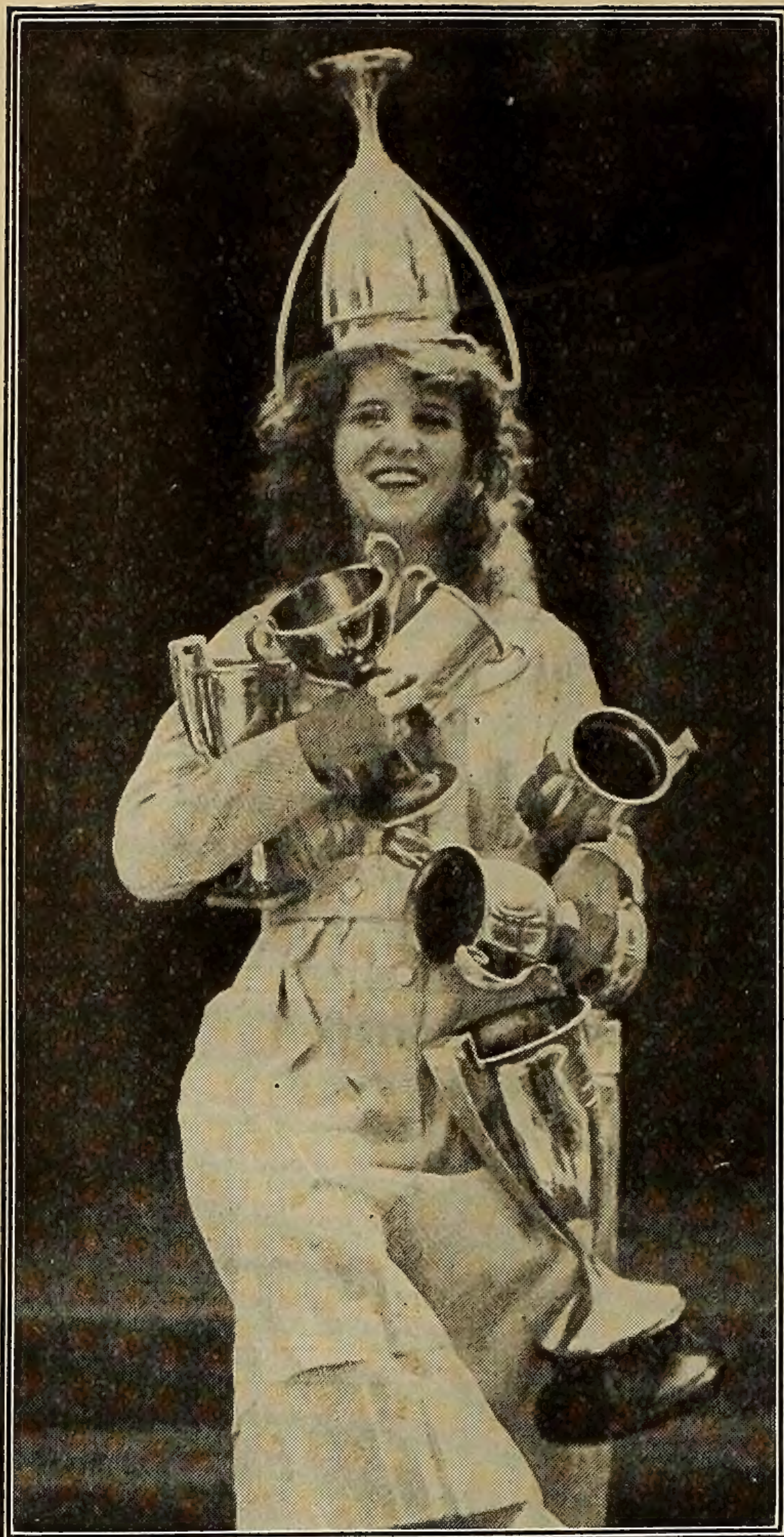
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TRIANGLE

They have dancing contests out at Hollywood occasionally. Olive Thomas appears to be popular, and her smile and winning ways were never more in evidence.

Celluloid Celebrities

(Continued from page 24)

"I guess I know how Indians do," she said grimly. "And if you want to find out how Indians beat up people"—

She advanced on him like an avenging tank, and he took refuge behind the camera man, announcing from behind the improvised shelter that she was right, abso-tively, and that Yiddish gestures in Indian pictures were strictly according to Hoyle.

So, when you see the picture, it's a safe bet that *part* of Minnie's part will be done according to Minnie's ideas and *not* the director's!

ERIC VON STROHEIM, that Prince of Villains and Horrible Huns, is now directing an after-the-war picture for which he wrote the story and in which he takes his customary role of a blackguard Prussian officer.

It must be confessed that he looks the part he takes, although in real life he is as charming a person as one could

hope to meet, and his smile, which on the screen is the last word in frightfulness, is in reality a friendly, wholesome one and is the visible symbol of a rare sense of humor. Von Stroheim is a naturalized American citizen and served in the army until released by the government to help in making propaganda pictures; but despite the fact that his patriotism has been Simon pure, he is daily the recipient of vitriolic letters berating him for his sinfulness and general cussedness.

"Why, the other day, when I went into a store where I had traded for five years," said Von Stroheim ruefully, "the girl refused to wait on me, because she said that anyone who would throw a baby out of the window—she was referring to my part in 'The Heart of Humanity'—wasn't fit to associate with decent people!"

So, says Mr. Von Stroheim, he thinks he is entitled to wear a wound stripe, as his feelings have been lacerated so frequently. He has been hissed on Hollywood Boulevard, snubbed in Pasadena by a bellhop, and has had a brick thrown at him by a fervent small boy who had also seen him in "The Heart of Humanity."

Evidently a villain's life is a hard one, on or off the screen.

LOUISE FAZENDA, star comedienne of the Mack Sennett aggregation, has a hobby that occupies her in moments of leisure or between throwing pies and falling downstairs. It is bead work, and Miss Fazenda comes by her talent naturally, for her grandmother, who was an Italian—yes, "Fazenda" is a real name and not an assumed one—was an expert in this line, and Louise finds nothing more interesting than to work out intricate patterns on purses and dresses.

Also—this is apropos to nothing at all—Louise is such an untheatrical-looking person that it is hard to believe she has stellar fun-making capabilities.

I happened to be talking with her landlord, and he assured me that there were no "movie folks" in his apartment house.

"But," said I, "I thought that Louise Fazenda and her mother and father lived here?"

"Oh, her!" he confided to me. "She isn't an actress; she's a lady!"

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A YEAR or so ago this woman didn't know one note from another. To-day she plays the piano—entirely by note—better than many who have been playing for years. Here she tells how she learned and why it was so easy. Thousands of others, from school children to men and women of 50 to 70, have also learned music in the same easy way. A new method that makes singing or any instrument amazingly simple to master. You can try it on approval and see for yourself—no cost whatever unless you are satisfied.

FROM the time I was a child, I have always had a yearning and longing to play the piano.

Often I felt that I would gladly give up half of my life if some kind fairy would only turn my wish into a fact. You see I had begun to think I was too old to learn, that only some sort of fairy story magic

Thousands Write Like This:

"Have learned more about music and playing in the four lessons received from you than I expected to learn in six months." — U. S. Whitman, Washington, D. C.

"I am getting along better than I ever did with a teacher right with me." — Edna Brown, Springfield, Mass.

"I am delighted to tell you how fine I am getting on with my lessons. Everything is so plain. I had been going to a teacher for about two months and could not seem to learn a thing. But how quick I understand your lessons." — Elija Logan, Philadelphia, Pa.

"I have already earned enough to pay for the instrument and the course of lessons. Have received many compliments upon my playing." — Lester Plettner, Forestville, Wis.

"Our little girl has been elected organist of the Junior Epworth League of M. E. Church, South, after taking your lessons—and at the age of 12 years. That is speaking well of your school." — J. G. Castle, Fulton, Mo.

music instead of playing it.

Again and again, parties and other social gatherings have been all but spoiled for me. I could enjoy myself until some one suggested music or singing; then I felt "left out"—a lonesome wall flower—a mere looker on instead of part of the party. I was missing half the fun.

It was often almost as bad when callers came.

It is so much easier to

entertain people—particularly if you don't know them well—if one can turn to the piano to fill the gaps when conversation lags. But until recently our piano was only a piece of furniture. We bought it three years ago, simply to have it in the house while waiting for our two little girls to reach the age for beginning lessons—for I was determined that they should never be denied the full enjoyment of music the way I had been.

But as it turned out, I learned to play before my girls did—in fact, I myself am now their teacher.

The way I have suddenly blossomed out in music (almost over night, you might say) has been a big surprise to all who know me, and to myself as well. My friends seem to think it must be that I had a previously undiscovered genius for the piano. But if there was any genius about it it wasn't on my part, but in the lessons I took—a new and simplified method that makes it remarkably easy for any one to add music or singing to their daily lives. Any one anywhere can now learn to play any instrument or learn to sing just as easily as I did. All the hard part, all the big expense, all the old difficulties, have been swept away by this simple new method.

I learned entirely by home study—in my spare time—from fascinating Print-and-Picture lessons that make everything so simple and easy that one simply can't go wrong on them. I call it a short-cut way to learn—it is so much simpler and so entirely different from the old and hard-to-understand methods. I know that I made better and faster progress than I ever could by bothering with a private teacher or joining a class. In fact, while I don't like to brag, within six months after I took my first lesson, my playing was better than that of many of my friends who had studied two or three years under private teachers—not because I was any more apt than they, but simply because the wonderful Print-and-Picture lessons sent me by the U. S. School of Music were so easy to understand.

Then they were so interesting that study and practice were more like a pastime than a task or duty. And so convenient; you can study and practice just as it happens handy, instead of tying yourself down to set hours. And no strangers around to embarrass you or make you nervous.

Within a year after I took my first lesson, I began teaching my two little girls to play—using exactly the same lessons I myself had studied. And



I notice that both of them seem to be getting along better than any of their playmates who have private teachers. In addition, I am saving the money it would cost to have a private teacher—and I figure it would cost at least \$3 to \$5 a lesson to have a teacher whose instruction could compare with that contained in the printed lessons from the U. S. School. Yet, from the first lesson to the last, the total cost of learning the way I did amounts to only a few cents a day—and nothing whatever unless you are satisfied; the U. S. School of Music guarantees satisfaction or no charge.

My only regret is that I didn't know of this really wonderful method years before. The ability to play is such a great comfort. No matter how much I am alone, I never get lonesome—I can always turn to my piano for amusement. I am never at a loss for a way to entertain callers. I no longer feel that I am "out of it" at social gatherings. Do you wonder that I so gladly recommend the method that has brought me so much pleasure and satisfaction?

* * * * *

This woman's experience is by no means unusual. Over 225,000 others—from school children to men and women of 50 to 70—have learned to play their favorite instrument or learned to sing in the same way this young woman did. Read the enthusiastic letters which you will find printed here—samples of the kind of letters we are receiving in practically every mail. Largely through the recommendations of satisfied pupils, we have built up the largest school of music in the world.

Whether for beginners or advanced pupils, our method is a revolutionary improvement over the old and hard-to-learn methods used by private teachers. And our method is as thorough as it is simple and easy. We teach you in the only right way—teach you to play or sing entirely by note. No "trick" music, no "numbers," no makeshifts of any kind. Yet it is a short-cut method, simply because every step is made so simple and clear.

But we don't ask you to judge our method by what others say or by what we ourselves say. You can take any course on trial—singing or any instrument you prefer—and judge entirely by your own progress. If for any reason you are not satisfied with the course or with what you learn from it, then it won't cost you a single penny. We guarantee satisfaction. On the other hand, if you are pleased with the course, the total cost amounts to only a few cents a lesson, with your music and everything included.

When learning to play or sing is so easy, why continue to confine your enjoyment of music to mere listening? Why not at least let us send you our free book that tells you all about our methods? We know you will find this book absorbingly interesting, simply because it shows you how easy it is to turn your wish to play or sing into an actual fact. Just now we are making a short-time offer that cuts the cost per lesson in two—send your name now, before this special offer is withdrawn. No obligation—simply use the coupon or send your name and address in a letter or on a post-card.

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